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THE ROGER MORRIS HOUSE

(AFTERWARD THE RESIDENCE OF MADAME JUMEL).

AT the most elevated point of Harlem Heights, where the steep, rocky, right bank of the Harlem River slopes gently to the southwest, stands a fine old mansion, built

Captain Morris was born in England, and, at the time of his marriage, was forty years of age. He had served on the staff of General Braddock at the battle of the Mononga-

official business, stopped in New York, and there met Mary Philipse. He was fascinated by her beauty and accomplishments, and, after a second visit, on his return from Bos-



THE ROGER MORRIS HOUSE.

in the year 1758 by Roger Morris, a captain in the British Army, who, on the 19th of January of that year, married Mary, daughter of Frederick Philipse, lord of the manor of Philipse, in Westchester County, New York.

hela, in the summer of 1755, where he was quite severely wounded. There he became acquainted with Major George Washington, of the Provincial Army. The following year the latter, while he was on his way to Boston on

ton, he resolved to ask her to marry him. Being young (only twenty-four years of age), and two years the senior of the charming maiden, he seems to have been too bashful or too prudent to press his suit by a direct prop-

osition of marriage at that time, but left the secret of his love and intentions with a judicious friend of his, who was an acquaintance of the young lady. In the course of a few months that friend informed Major Washington that there was a rival suitor in the field for the hand of the accomplished heiress. That rival was Captain Morris, who wooed and won the charming Mary. They were married, and the same year the mansion alluded to was built for them. The high ground upon which it stands was ever afterward known as Morris's Heights.

Leaving his young bride in the fine dwelling-house which he had built, Captain Morris, with a purchased major's commission, served gallantly in the campaign of 1759 at Louisbourg and Quebec, under Wolfe, in command of grenadiers. He continued in active military service until the conquest of Canada was completed, and Indians around the Western lakes, who were inimical to the British, were subdued—receiving, in 1760, for meritorious conduct, the commission of lieutenant-colonel.

In 1764 Colonel Morris left the army, and retired to his beautiful seat on Manhattan or New York Island, serving at one time as a member of the Executive Council of the Province of New York. There he lived in elegance and ease, with an ample fortune, and a loving and accomplished wife; and there their four children (two sons and two daughters) were born. The mother was the original from whom Cooper drew his charming portraiture of the character of "Fanny," in his "Spy;" and a room is now shown in the old mansion in which, it is said, "Harvey Birch" (Knoch Crosby), of that story, was confined as a prisoner. They occupied the mansion until the close of the old War for Independence, excepting a short period while the Americans held the upper portion of the island, late in 1776, and Washington made Colonel Morris's house his headquarters. Morris had adhered to the royal cause, and felt compelled to fly to England at the general emigration of the loyalists from New York in 1783. There he died, in the autumn of 1794, at the age of seventy-seven years. His widow, who was about thirteen years his junior, survived her husband about thirty years, dying in England in 1825, when in the ninety-sixth year of her age. The remains of these builders and earlier occupants of the Roger Morris House lie together in a church-yard in ancient York, England. She, with her husband, were attainted of treason, and their American estates were confiscated. The British Government afterward gave them a partial compensation for their losses.

The mansion delineated at the head of this paper was one of the finest class of the period of its structure. The main building is nearly square, two stories in height, with an attic. It was built of brick, and sheathed with plank, having a high porch with four Doric columns at the southern end, and a gallery at the second story. Around the centre of the roof is a balustrade, from within which may be obtained a magnificent amphitheatrical view of the surrounding country. Through the centre of the building is a wide hall or passage, above and below, on each side of which, below, are two spacious rooms, and above are

sleeping-apartments. On the north side is an extension of octagonal form, which contains the drawing-room below, and bedrooms above. Under the whole building is a cellar, dug out of the solid rock. This mansion is situated upon one of the most picturesque and commanding spots on the island. From the porch, or from the gallery, the eye may take in the whole of the Harlem River, from the High Bridge, or Croton Aqueduct, to Hell Gate; the Sound to Fort Schuyler, and beyond; Morrisania, and the cultivated hills of lower Westchester, with the village of Flushing, and all intermediate hamlets and villages on Long Island to Brooklyn, and the great city at the southward, with the Central Park in the foreground, and the azure line of the heights of Staten Island in the far distance, about fifteen miles away.

The land which is now attached to the mansion consists of about one hundred acres, the remnant of several hundred which originally composed the estate. Some of the magnificent trees of the primeval forest yet shade portions of the domain, which is continually decreasing in size through the public wants, operating by the power of municipal authority. The Commissioners of the Croton Aqueduct take a piece here, and the Street Commissioners take a piece there. It is doomed to speedy transformation from an elegant country-seat to an elegant suburban portion of the town, and the house will become a city residence. The great metropolis, like a huge monster, is slowly creeping toward the King's Bridge, devouring every thing in its way, but paying fairly for the pleasures of its appetite, and, instead of leaving desolation in its path like more vulgar dragons, its course is marked by beautiful structures, blooming gardens, and a magnificent boulevard, properly so called in this portion of its course.

This property of Colonel Morris and his wife, confiscated to the State of New York, was sold by public commissioners, in parcels, to several persons. William Kenyon afterward purchased from the grantees of the State the whole property, and sold it to Leonard Parkinson, of Kinnerley Castle, in the county of Hereford, England. Parkinson, in 1810, sold and conveyed the property to Stephen Jumel, a Frenchman, and wealthy shipping-merchant of New York. It was then an almost barren waste, much of it covered with forest. With wealth at her command, and a naturally exquisite taste, Mr. Jumel's accomplished wife, Eliza Bowen, whom he had married in 1804, soon transfigured the whole domain, and especially the portion near the mansion. Under her direction, a beautiful curved gate-way, with a porter's lodge on each side, was erected at the entrance to the grounds from the King's Bridge road, and which remains to attest her taste. Graveled walks were laid out and planted with fringes of flowering shrubs. Ornamental shade-trees, native and exotic, were also planted. A magnificent flower-garden, with beds of every geometrical form, and fringed with the box-plant, was planned and cultivated, and a fish-pond was made which lent beauty to the scene. In every part of that fine country-seat and its sur-

roundings, the products of the active, cultivated brain and skillful hands of Madame Jumel were visible, and there she lived to enjoy the fruit of her taste judiciously exercised for more than half a century.

That fine mansion sheltered many distinguished persons, before and after it passed out of the possession of Colonel Morris. There, as I have observed, General Washington made the headquarters of the Continental Army, after the flight of the troops from New-York City, in the early autumn of 1776. His first letter from there was dated "Colonel Morris's House, 16th September, 1776." There he remained, in constant personal intercourse with some of the most distinguished officers of the army, until the troops, compelled to leave the island, marched across the King's Bridge into Westchester County, under the command of Generals Lee, Heath, Sullivan, and Lincoln. After the battle at White Plains, the flight of the Americans across the Hudson into New Jersey, and the investment of Fort Mifflin, a mile north of the Rogers' House, Washington was there a few hours one day. Fourteen years afterward, when he was President of the republic, he revisited the mansion, under the circumstances mentioned in the following entry in his diary, dated "10th July, 1790:"

"Having formed a party, consisting of the Vice-President" (John Adams), "his lady, son, and Miss Smith; the Secretaries of State, Treasury, and War" (Jefferson, Hamilton, and Knox), "and the ladies of the two latter; with all the gentlemen of my family, Mrs. Lear, and the two children" (George and Eleanor Custis), "we visited the position of Fort Washington, and afterward dined on a dinner prepared by Mr. Mariner, at the house lately Colonel Roger Morris's, but confiscated, and in the possession of a common farmer."

After the Morris estate passed into the hands of M. Jumel, many distinguished Frenchmen, who visited New York, as well as eminent Americans, were entertained at that mansion. Among the former, was Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, who made the United States his home for about thirty years after the fall of his imperial brother. Tradition speaks of Louis Philippe, Talleyrand, and other eminent Frenchmen, as guests there, but it cannot be so, for these men were in this country before the year 1800, when the mansion was occupied by a "common farmer."

In the Roger Morris House, M. Jumel died in May, 1832, leaving his large estate of money, houses, and lands, to his widow, who, on the first day of July, 1833, married Aaron Burr, ex-Vice-President of the United States. She was then sixty years of age, and Burr was seventy-seven. He died a little more than three years afterward, but his widow survived him twenty-nine years. Her death occurred in 1865, when she was ninety years of age.

Madame Jumel was a remarkable woman. The incidents of her eventful life, if they were properly recited, would appear like the creations of romance. She was a woman of strong will, positive, though not excessively demonstrative. She had great self-reliance, highest courage, and untiring perseverance. She was

a good linguist, and a connoisseur in art of high quality, as evinced by her selection of between two and three hundred fine paintings, which she brought from Europe in 1816, and with them made of the Morris mansion one of the rarest picture-galleries in America. She was a natural architect, an accomplished mathematician, and a skillful botanist. As a discreet, sagacious, and successful manager of business, she had no peer among women. Having no children of her own, she paid much attention to the education of those of other people. She loved little ones dearly, and was a most apt instructor of them. Ever animated by a subduing religious sentiment, that tempered her natural ambition for personal distinction, she was a judicious and kind-hearted friend of the poor, dispensing charity with a liberal but secret hand. She adopted a relative—niece, I believe—as a daughter, who became the wife of Nelson Chase, Esq., the present owner of the Roger Morris estate, and heir to Madame Jumel's immense fortune, about the title to which the newspapers were filled last year with reports of legal proceedings.

The evident destiny of this estate before the march of improvement, has deterred the present owner from attempting to keep it up in its former beauty. During a recent visit at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Chase, the wisdom of his course in this respect was made apparent to the writer. The old entrance-gate, with its flanking lodges, will soon be swept away to make room for the street. A like fate may soon overtake any part of the property. So he wisely keeps in order only the acre around his house, with its beautiful flowers and the gravelled walk leading to it. The great flower-garden is a green sea of box shrubs, for the tiny plants of the borders are now three feet in height. In their midst stands a magnificent cedar of Lebanon, brought while it was a twig, from its native mountain in the Holy Land, by a Jesuit missionary and planted there. In a curve along the southern borders of the garden is a row of cypress-trees, brought as small shrubs from Andalusia, in Spain. At the northern verge of the garden, and near the old gravelled walk, is an immense Madeira-nut tree, from which bushels of fruit are yet often gathered. It was planted at the time the house was built, perhaps by the hand of the beautiful bride. Two scions from it were planted by M. Jumel and his wife, and named respectively "Stephen" and "Eliza." The latter only survives, and is a stately tree. A few rods north of the mansion is the "Marco Bozzaris Rock," on the verge of the rugged acclivity that rises from the Harlem River. It was so named from the fact that, in a grassy nook at its foot, overlooking the Harlem River to the King's Bridge and the gentle hills of lower Westchester, Fitz-Greene Halleck wrote his stirring poem, entitled "Marco Bozzaris." The late Alfred Pell, of New York, was then occupying the mansion, while the family were traveling, and Halleck was his guest. That was about the year 1826. In that nook, seated in a rustic chair at a rustic table, secluded by the great rock and umbrageous cedars, pines, and oaks, the poet wrote that once most popular poem in our language.

This completes the catalogue of the out-of-door celebrities at Morris's Heights.

We enter the mansion through a broad door under the porch. In the wide hall are several paintings, the most conspicuous of which is that of a group composed of full-length portraits of Madame Jumel and Mr. Chase's daughter (now Mrs. Perry), and her younger brother, painted in Rome. Not far from this picture is that of a "Beggar Boy," said to be an original, by Murillo. There may be a reasonable doubt of its genuineness as an original, but, as a copy, it has been done with a master's hand, who could well imitate the style of Murillo. Near this picture, on the floor, lay a huge leather cylinder with strong leather bands, appearing very much like an iron steam-boiler, about twenty-two inches in diameter, and five and one-half feet in length. It was Napoleon's traveling-trunk in his campaign against Moscow.

Madame Jumel's reverence for royalty inspired her with a passion for the possession of articles that belonged to royal personages. In that mansion may be seen a tea-set of Sèvres china that belonged to the Empress Josephine; furniture that belonged to Louis XVIII. of France; a sofa and chairs made of ebony, ornamented with gilding, and covered with light-blue figured silk, that was in the palace of Charles X. of France; a chandelier of metal and crystal, and splendid alabaster vases, that were the property of General Moreau; and a mahogany bedstead, on which Madame Jumel slept and died, that belonged to the first Napoleon, and is garnished with his monogram. When Joseph Bonaparte visited them at the Morris House, the mistress was so chagrined, because his ex-majesty had to pass through a very narrow door from the hall to the drawing-room, that, immediately after his departure, she had that door enlarged to its present spacious dimensions, that it might be ready for the passage of the next exiled monarch who might honor her with a visit. In the same hall is a beautiful small circular table, of inlaid ebony and curled maple, that belonged to Voltaire, in the centre of which is a cameo profile of the philosopher, carved out of the black wood. These various relics were purchased in Europe by Madame Jumel.

The first room at the left, after entering the hall, in which may be seen the furniture of Louis XVIII., is the one in which Aaron Burr and the mistress of the mansion were married. Mr. Chase was groomsmen, and his wife was bridesmaid on that occasion. Only the family were present at the ceremony, the servants looking in at the windows. They were wedded by the Rev. David Bogart, who had united Burr in marriage with the young widow, Theodosia Prevost, on the 2d of July, 1782, or just fifty-one years before.

Colonel Burr told Mr. Chase of many interesting events which had occurred at that house while Washington occupied it. I have space only for the record of one of them. He saw an Indian one day, who was in attendance upon the commander-in-chief, go out into the woods close by, gather some branches of laurel, and lay them at the feet of Washington in token of his reverence and respect.

There are some good pictures on the walls

of this noted mansion, the remnant of the large collection alluded to. One of these is an original from the pencil of Andrea del Sarto. There are other meritorious pictures by French artists of note, the titles of which, and the names of their authors, my limited space will not allow me to mention.

In its associations, the Roger Morris House is one of the most interesting of structures on New-York Island. It is one of the very few ante-Revolutionary buildings that remain, and ought not to be disturbed by the ruthless "march of improvement," which has swept away so many antiquities of the metropolis. It seems to possess an immunity from such harm, because it stands at a point beyond which no street can ever be made.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

JOSEPHINE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

MY father died early, leaving my mother in straitened circumstances, with a family of small children, of whom I was the eldest. Nevertheless there are few whose childhood was happier than mine was, and the little homestead, about ten minutes' walk from the city of N—, is, perhaps, the sunniest spot that has a place in my recollection.

The house had two rooms only on the ground-floor, with some smaller Mansard rooms above. Our windows always shone like mirrors, and the curtains were always snowy white, and never, it seems to me, have I seen such beautiful flowers as my mother always had, in summer, on a broad shelf before the south window of our sitting-room. My mother was remarkably clever with her hands. Although her wardrobe was very limited, and every thing she had very plain, still she always managed to go clad, not only neatly, but with a certain elegance, and both mine and my sister's bonnets—which she always made for us—never failed to be jauntier and prettier than those of any of the other little girls in the neighborhood, while our dresses, if not always in the latest fashion, were invariably neatly made and of good material. My mother used to say:

"I am not rich enough to buy common stuffs, and have not the time to make dresses of material that will not wear one-quarter as long as that of good quality."

And how industrious my mother was!

To do all the housework with a family of five children was not possible—she therefore kept a servant-girl to do the heavier part of it; but her own hands were never idle. In our little garden she planted and sowed and gathered; on wash-days she relieved the girl almost entirely of the housework, and, as for the cooking, she usually did nearly all of it. And yet she found time not only to sew for Clara and me, but also to make the clothes of my three younger brothers, until it was necessary for them to be made by a tailor.

And how often have I seen her busy with a paint-brush touching up the doors and window-sills, and with a paste-pot patching the wall-paper or covering some ugly spot! And she never seemed happier than when she was

thus employed. In all useful labor, whatever its character, she seemed to take equal interest and find equal pleasure; and every thing that tended to make our little home more inviting was, seemingly, to her of equal importance.

Nor did she ever lose sight of the higher duties devolving upon her as a mother. I will say nothing about her daughters; it is comparatively easy for a woman to bring up girls, but she had three sons, whom she brought up, and whose education she directed for entirely different callings—and they all three do her credit. She always kept a sort of superintending eye on our studies; she learned every thing over again, as she said, and certain it is that she always knew every thing better than we. Even the boys did not get beyond her ken until at least their first or second year in college; after that I was no longer at home. If, however, the juniors and seniors got beyond her in their knowledge of text-books, she nevertheless continued to exact, and was still yielded, the old obedience.

But at the time when my brothers began to be stalwart lads, and I had already left school, my mother often seemed to me thoughtful and care-worn. It was then that I first conceived the idea of earning something—a thought which my mother did nothing to suggest, for she belonged entirely to the time when the daughters of so-called "good families" deemed it dishonorable rather than honorable to do any thing toward providing for themselves. I, however, aspired to something beyond providing for myself; I wanted to aid my mother in providing for my brothers, who now began to be a heavy tax on her slender means.

With great difficulty I prevailed on my mother to let me work for the shopkeepers; but the town was small, the demand limited, and be as diligent as I would I could not earn more than one groschen—three cents—an hour.

Seven or eight groschens a day! I soon tired of working for the shopkeepers; I could not earn enough to pay for my singing-lessons, of which I took three a week; for mother was so fond of music, and especially of my singing, that she would not listen to my proposal to discontinue my lessons.

What was I to do now? After revolving this question for some days, I ventured to ask my teacher if I was not competent to teach beginners, it never occurring to me that by giving lessons myself I would, perhaps, become his competitor. But he was generous; he not only encouraged me, but promised to do what he could to procure me some pupils, and positively refused, in future, to take any remuneration for my lessons. "We are colleagues now," said he; "and when did colleagues ever take money from each other for professional services! *Les loups ne se mangent pas entre eux.*" He added that, being a single man, he could very well afford to give himself the pleasure of cultivating my voice without any direct return.

I had earned the few groschens with my needle secretly, but in order to succeed in my new enterprise it was an imperative necessity to give it as much publicity as possible. This

gave rise to a long and animated discussion with my mother. She opposed me with the erroneous notions and ill-founded prejudices of her generation, but finally the more rational and common-sense view I took of the situation prevailed. My mother and I, in reality, discussed the question that is now one of the popular questions of the day—that of female labor—and as progress, so long as the world has stood, has in the end come off victorious, so it did then. I put an advertisement in the little local paper, in which I recommended myself to the public as a teacher of beginners in the art of singing.

But, when the first number of the little sheet containing the terrible announcement was brought to the house, my mother burst into tears and cried: "Oh, my poor, poor Josephine!" and thought, I verily believe, the sacrifice I made more heroic than that of Mucius Scaevola.

But I could see no sacrifice about it, and, when the first pupil came, it seemed to me that nothing could make me happier; but I was in error. I was still more delighted when I received the first quarter's pay, and counted out the new, shining thalers on the table to my mother. Ah, and then she smiled too! This little material success did what I had been unable to do with all my arguments and theories. And, as my earnings increased from month to month, she, in a little time, became so entirely reconciled to her daughters being music-teachers that she did not oppose me when I persuaded my sister Clara to follow my example and give lessons on the piano.

Thus every thing went to my satisfaction—yes, better even than I had dared to hope. Our friends did not desert us, our acquaintances bowed as low and as respectfully as before, and, if our circumstances were not really any better than previously, because our necessities were greater, still we lived comfortably and free from care.

I was content, and doubtless should have continued to be so, but for Georgi, my teacher, who one day said to me very gravely that the time had come for him to speak to me of a matter he had long considered, and that was of great import.

"You have just sung this aria," he continued, turning from the piano toward me, "better than I have ever heard it sung by any one except Madame T—— of the Royal Opera at Berlin. You should go on the stage, Fräulein Josephine."

The blood mounted to my temples, so delighted was I to be thus praised by Georgi, who was a very miser with his commendation, but, at the advice which followed the compliment, I started back horrified, for that thought had never, never entered my head.

"For Heaven's sake, Signor Georgi, what are you thinking of?" I cried.

"What am I thinking of? Well, any good, drawing opera. You cannot fail to succeed. I have considered the matter well, but did not think it advisable to say any thing to you about it until you were further advanced." And, to give additional emphasis to what he said, he turned to the piano and struck half a dozen energetic accords.

"Go on the stage! Never, never would

mamma give her consent!" As for myself, the idea had a certain fascination for me.

"Her consent? Bah! An easy matter!"

"No—no! I cannot, I will not!"

"That alters the case, if you yourself will not—"

"I have not the courage."

"Nonsense! I shall drive to-morrow to G——, to hear the 'Freischütz.' Go with me—there will be room for you in my carriage—and afterward we will speak of the matter further."

An invitation from Signor Georgi! That was something extraordinary, and this simple circumstance made it suddenly very clear to me that the enthusiastic musician really took a very deep interest in me—that is, in my voice, and the project of my becoming an opera-singer. I was so bewildered that I did not immediately reply.

In the mean time Georgi ran his fingers over the keys of the piano with an air of perfect unconcern, until he suddenly turned toward me and asked in a sharp, almost angry tone, "Well, will you go, or not?"

"I will, yes; but mamma—"

He laughed. "You are like a child—mamma, always mamma! Well, go and ask mamma. But on one thing I insist—not a word about the opera-singer to-day."

An unnecessary injunction, for it did not seem to me that I could ever find the courage to speak to her about it. But I did. It was as Georgi expected it would be.

After having heard for the first time in G—— an opera sung by thoroughly competent artists, my enthusiasm would have supplied me with sufficient courage to face any obstacle that might have been in the way of my following Georgi's advice.

My mother, as I expected, was quite beside herself when I broke the project to her. She presented the dark side of the picture to me in vivid colors, and would certainly have succeeded in dissuading me if Georgi had been less persistent. He had no eyes for the many disagreeable things inseparably connected with the life of a dramatic artist. His was, in fact, despite a somewhat rough exterior, one of those thorough art-natures that are always so occupied with the ideal that they are blind to the vulgar and unclean. He was deaf to my mother's remonstrances, and got out of patience with me if I wavered. Thanks to him, I did not give up the struggle, and eventually gained another victory.

Yes, I was again victorious, and, through Georgi's kind offices, I soon got quite a brilliant engagement, which paid me as much better than giving lessons, as the lessons had paid me better than my needle-work.

My mother was by no means reconciled to the step I had taken, although, had it not been for my desire to assist her, I should have remained at home. No, she was not even fully consoled, when I told her of the brilliant engagement Georgi had secured for me. She simply consented to what she felt she would not really be justified in positively forbidding.

It was very hard for my mother to let me go alone, not to be able to accompany me, or to send any one to protect me. But I had no fears; I was confident that I was able to take

care of myself, and did not think it at all necessary to be accompanied by a duenna, who, by-the-way, would have been far too great a tax on my exchequer.

But with what strange surroundings I soon found myself! Everybody was very polite to me, but the tone was so different from what I had been accustomed to: I should not have been so unpleasantly affected by absolute neglect.

After the necessary preparation, I made a successful *début*, and the fops, old and young, hastened to congratulate me. They did not hesitate to address me without first being introduced, and praised me in terms that were little less than offensive. Their manner in many instances was so patronizing, and their compliments so fulsome, that I could not help blushing.

At first, I thought I must submit to all this, unpleasant as it was, with a certain civility. "Perhaps," said I to myself, "my education has been somewhat narrow and provincial; I must not appear prudish; these are only the ways peculiar to the little world behind the foot-lights." I was frequently sick at heart, and thought often of all my mother had said in her vain endeavor to dissuade me.

What most exasperated me was an unremitting effort on the part of certain young men to visit me in my modest apartments, for I knew very well that they would not venture to present themselves, at the door of a lady not on the stage, without being first formally presented. I determined that, whatever my colleagues might do in such cases, my door should always remain closed to those who did not approach me according to the usages that regulate social intercourse.

I incurred the expense of a cab only rarely; never, indeed, except when compelled to by the weather, for I was well, and abundantly able to walk. And, at first, in my desire to economize, I endeavored to get on without a maid, but I soon found that that was impossible. One evening—it was somewhat later than usual—as we hastened on silently through the deserted streets, I heard steps behind us, but scarcely paid any attention to them, although the thought was barely suggested to me, "Can it be Herr von Trebow?"—one of the most presuming of my admirers.

I put the key into the street-door of the house, in which I had a modest suite of rooms, looking into the court, on the second floor, and, as the light in the passage-way shone out on the street, whom should I see standing before me, or rather behind me, but Herr von Trebow!

"Gnädigstes Fräulein," he began.

"What is it, sir?" I asked, in a tone that would have confused one less impudent.

"I wanted to tell you how much I was pleased with your performance this evening, gnädiges Fräulein, and, at the same time, avail myself of the opportunity—"

"Your opportunities, sir, permit me to remark," I interrupted, "are very badly chosen; I beg that you will go your way, and never presume to follow me again."

"What else can I do, gnädiges Fräulein? You admit no one, so I follow you, as does

the moon the sun, as iron does the magnet."

"A truce to unmeaning phrases; they will avail nothing; besides, you compromise me.—Come in, Susette."

Susette, in obedience to my command, passed by the officer into the house, when I closed the door by no means gently, and hastened up to my room, where I had already lighted a lamp when Susette entered.

"You are too hard toward the gentleman, Fräulein," said she, shaking her head.

"Too hard! That's all you know about it. He thinks he can insult me, because I am alone and unprotected; but I will teach him that I can protect myself."

"But then he seems to admire you so much."

"Admire me! Ha, ha! But what do you know about such things?"

"Oh! Fräulein, remember I have been for fifteen years in the service of theatre ladies. They were not all of them so cruel."

"I believe you; and that is just the misfortune—"

"Misfortune! Humph! was it a misfortune that little Sarosi became Frau von Biller? Fräulein Mueller married the rich banker Jonassohn, and everybody says that Fräulein Adler will very soon be—"

"That will do, that will do," I interrupted. "You need not take the trouble to go through the whole list. I shall receive no visits from gentlemen, and you will say so, should you be asked."

"Certainly, Fräulein, certainly, if you wish me to.—Of course, I had rather it would be so, for, if you was to become Frau von Trebow, I should lose my place."

I made no reply, and Susette went about silently until she had put every thing in order, then she bade me good-night, and retired to her own room.

Frau von Trebow! The cunning old diplomat. In this "Frau von" there was an undeniable charm. It suggested a life of ease and plenty—a house in town, and a villa in the mountains, membership with an old, aristocratic family, and I don't know what else; but then all this was encumbered with a man—not worse, perhaps, than scores of his comrades, but not a hair better, certainly not if the half that was said of him was true. He was what would be called nowadays "fast," which, in the esteem of sensible people, is only one step removed from "worthless."

"And if I should become Frau von Trebow," I thought, "would all these brilliant externals make me happy—would they make amends for an absence of love?"

"No, no, a thousand times, no!"

"But my family, my mother, my brothers! what advantages might accrue to them all!"

"Too dearly bought, myself being the price."

"How ridiculous!" I thought with the next breath. "As though this Trebow thinks of making me his wife! If he did, he would approach me in a very different manner." And then I reflected that my position was peculiar. I lived alone and entirely secluded from the social world—no family near me, and no friends; my only associates were my colleagues, and I saw very little of them, except

at the theatre, for I felt myself but little drawn toward them. In truth, I preferred my own society to theirs.

The date of my narrative is more than a quarter of a century ago. Since then the social status of the members of the dramatic profession has entirely changed. The player is no longer under a social ban; if he be a man of worth, it is not more difficult for him to obtain and retain a position in society than for another. Now even the most devout are numbered among his patrons. If there be any exceptions, they are found only in those countries in which some traces of puritanic narrowness still remain. At the date of my story, there was a law in Prussia that forbade any officer in the army marrying a lady connected with the theatre, unless he resigned his commission.

And Herr von Trebow—was he inclined to resign his commission? Most certainly not! On this point at least I indulged in no illusions. It was, therefore, fortunate that I had not the least leaning toward him—rich and handsome as he was. It would have been hopeless.

I determined that our acquaintance should end then and there, and consequently refused to speak to him, or even to bow when we met on the street. I saw that this course annoyed him greatly, and that he began to hate me; still he did not give up pursuing me.

I complained to the director, and asked that he would refuse to admit any one on the stage, during and after performances, who was not employed there. He shrugged his shoulders and said I was too puritanical, too unamiable, and that the consequence was, I did not draw as well as at first.

"How—what do you mean?" I asked, astonished.

"Well," he replied, "you yourself must certainly be aware that you owed your success as much to your fresh young face and blond curls as to your voice, which, it is true, is well cultivated, but is nevertheless far from being first class."

"Indeed! Do you think so?"

"Most assuredly; and for that reason I would advise you not to be quite so cold and reserved toward the young gentlemen. A little affability, a little coquetry indeed, helps amazingly to fill the house, and brings branches and bracelets, to say nothing of the wreaths and bouquets. This I know from personal observation." And he patted me familiarly on the shoulder, and turned and left me with a shameless smile.

I was speechless with indignation. This was the satisfaction I got the first time I sought something like protection. And then the humiliating remarks concerning my voice! As though I thought it ranked among the best! I knew full well that I was no Catalini, no Sontag; but I had very naturally supposed it was my voice, nevertheless, that had filled the parterre and the boxes, and it was humiliating in the extreme to be undeceived.

I was bewildered, vexed, disheartened; I was in one of those moods in which we are inclined to let things go their own way. As for Trebow, my manner toward him remained unchanged; but, toward others, I fear I as-

sumed a more repellent mien than previously. I went too far, and was certainly often ungrateful.

But my home-training had been so austere! and then the parting words of my mother were always ringing in my ears: "Return poorer than you are now," said she, "and you will be welcome, but your name must have remained as pure as the water of a mountain-spring."

I became heartily tired of my new profession, and would have returned home and resumed my lessons if I had not been ashamed to do so. It would have looked so much as though I had failed! And then I was earning so much more money than I could possibly earn in any other way, and I was able to send such large sums home to my mother, despite the very considerable outlay necessary for my wardrobe, which began to be, compared with my former simplicity, something fairy-like.

As I learned afterward, Herr von Trebow suffered not a little from the raillery of his comrades, in consequence of his signal failure in adding me to the list of his conquests.

"What will you wager," said he one evening in a circle of his companions, "that I will not make Walter speak to me?"

"To you?"

"Yes, to me!"

"Ah, bah! Don't flatter yourself that you can do any thing of the kind. Give her up. For you she is deaf and dumb," replied his companions.

"A basket of champagne! Who will take the bet?"

"I will! I will! I will!" cried several voices.

"All right! all right! A basket with each of you," replied Trebow.

"But when?"

"The when you must leave to me," said Trebow. "Within two weeks, I trust; it may, however, be much longer."

This was a condition Trebow's friends loudly objected to, but they finally yielded, when speculation with regard to the course Trebow would pursue to accomplish his object afforded them all a great deal of merriment.

The next time I appeared, I was received with a single hiss, which, although it was not seconded and was quickly drowned by the clapping of innumerable hands, disconcerted me not a little. The next evening, I fairly trembled when the moment approached for me to go on in my first scene. No sooner did I appear, than the terrible hiss came again, this time distinctly from the centre of the parterre; it was followed by a tumult of applause, which had hardly died away when another and still louder hiss was heard in the gallery, just as I should have struck my first note. My voice failed me; the orchestra came to my assistance, and I was able to go on, but I did not fully regain my self-possession during the entire evening. That terrible hiss rang continually in my ears, and I was in momentary expectation of its being repeated. And it came toward the close of the performance, and was immediately silenced by the public, but, nevertheless, it went through me like an electric shock.

And so it continued, night after night. I

knew it was a declaration of war, and I suspected from whom; but the person who hissed, and his—probably paid—assistant, could never be discovered, for now it came from one of the upper tiers, now from the parterre, now from the right, and now from the left. It was always heard immediately after my first entrance; then, perhaps, in the middle of an aria, at the end of an act, or at a moment when I was the central figure of the situation.

The consequence was, that I became nervous and timid; I waited and listened for the accustomed hiss; and, when it came, I felt a certain relief, and for a while played with more ease, and sang with more power and expression. In this way I continued to be persecuted; and, although I received every encouragement from the public, I was painfully conscious that my nervousness and continual dread prevented my doing justice either to the parts I sang or to myself.

When I left the theatre after my performances, Herr von Trebow always stood at the stage-entrance. He did not speak to me, but, if my eyes involuntarily met his, I thought I saw in his face an expression of triumphant devilishness that made me shudder. I became discouraged, and determined to ask for a short leave of absence, in order to recruit my strength, and, if possible, to regain my courage in the bosom of my family.

The leave of absence was granted, and it was announced that I would appear only once more previous to my vacation. This prospect materially improved my spirits, for I hoped that, by the time I returned, the intrigue of which I was the unhappy object would cease to exist.

The pleasure I anticipated in being at home again for a time, prevented my going directly to sleep that night, and, as I lay in a sort of waking dream, I suddenly heard, as I thought, a rap at my window. I raised up on my elbow and listened; another rap, this time much louder. Other occupants of the house slept so near me that I felt no fear, but curiosity, rather. I sprang out of bed, threw a mantle about my shoulders, and went to the window. As all was profoundly silent, and I could see nothing, I opened the sash and looked directly down, when I saw something that startled me.

"In Heaven's name, what is that? who hangs there?" I cried, for directly under my window a human figure seemed to be hanging, while, dark as it was, I thought I could distinguish the forms of several others standing near.

"Thanks for the kindly inquiry, Fräulein Walter. I am Lieutenant von Trebow. I am not hanging, but am standing on a ladder under your window," was the reply.

"Shameless puppy!" I cried. "What brings you here at this hour, and how dare you clamber up to my window—?"

"Pardon me, gnädiges Fräulein! I am here entirely in your interest; I wanted to inform you that there is a fire but a couple of blocks from you. Should you need any assistance, I beg that you will command me."

I made no reply, but slammed the window to so hard that I broke one of the panes,

while I distinctly heard the suppressed laugh of several persons in the court.

Trebow had won his wager.

Now another window, looking into the court, was opened. I heard voices and laughter, but could not understand what was said. As for the fire, there seemed really to be one; but I discovered, from the alarm, that it was at the other end of the city.

The next day I was ill. Such things as these were too much for my little stock of fortitude.

I sent for the director, and told him what occurred the previous evening. He listened to me attentively, but with an incredulous smile. "If he doubts me, he who knows me best, what will others think?" said I to myself.

My courage now gave out entirely. I ignominiously struck my colors, and, after a desultory discussion, in which my self-love received two or three additional wounds, I asked that my contract might be canceled. To my chagrin, the director evinced very little unwillingness to comply with my request. Whether it was because my name no longer drew, whether my voice was really not what he and the public demanded, or whether he knew that he could easily supply my place, I knew not; but certain it is that we easily came to a satisfactory understanding, and I left a position in which I felt that, but for the enmity of perhaps one man, I should have achieved something like distinction, for the success of my first performances were, in every respect, gratifying.

It would be impossible to describe the wretched frame of mind I was in. I hastened home and confided all my woes to my devoted mother, who felt my humiliation and disappointment more deeply, if possible, than I did.

As for Georgi, who, next to the members of my family, was most interested in the matter, he shook his head, and insisted that I had shown a great lack of courage and energy—that I should not, on any account, have shown the white feather, but have faced the intrigue boldly, and lived it down. If I had displayed more pluck, he said, they would at least have soon changed their tactics, which was doubtless true. As for the danger of losing my good name, he would not hear a word of it. The supercilious presumption of the young officers of the army was so well known, he said, that a young girl's reputation was not so easily injured by them as I seemed to imagine.

"But an actress!" I suggested.

"It matters not what she is, provided she pursue a firm and dignified course," he replied. "As for your course, I repeat, it has been very ill-advised, and I fear it will operate to your disadvantage in procuring another engagement."

"Another engagement!" cried my mother. "I should think that this experience would suffice. Josephine will remain at home, and return to giving lessons."

Georgi was determined that I should continue on the stage; my mother insisted that I should remain at home, while I was inclined to do neither, but to seek some position, such as teacher, governess, or something

of the kind. As for my lessons, in any event, it would take me some time to get enough, so that they would be only moderately remunerative, and then—should I tell people of the occurrences that drove me from the stage, or should I not? And if I did not, would they not, nevertheless, become known? and Heaven only knows how! Certain it was, that the abrupt ending of my career as an opera-singer, which had very much the appearance of my having made a *fiasco*, would be no recommendation for me as a teacher. It required very little penetration to see that, do what I would, my brief career as a *prima donna* had done me great injury.

While we were thus debating—Georgi, mother, and I, and I might add my sister Clara, who sided with my mother—accident stepped in and decided my fate, and in this wise:

A young girl, with whom we had been slightly acquainted, some six years previously had made what was considered a very brilliant match: she had married a very wealthy manufacturer of arms in S—.

This lady died suddenly, leaving two children, aged respectively five and three years, and now the father sought a suitable governess for them.

"My child," said one of the most lovable of old ladies—a near neighbor—to me, "my child, if I recommend you for the place, you will be sure to get it; but I must insist on one condition."

"And that is—"

"That you will not tell them you have ever been on the stage."

My eyes flashed, and the blood mounted to my temples.

"Then you think the stage has disgraced me?"

"I do not—far from it," she assured me. "I trust I am free from such narrow prejudices; but it is somewhat different with my friends in S—. There would be no objection to the gentleman, the father of the children, knowing you have been for a short time on the stage—he is a thoroughly-cultured, liberal-minded man; but, although not in the same house, nevertheless, as near neighbors, live his parents, Dutch immigrants, and his sisters, all of whom are exceedingly puritanic in their way of thinking. They are really excellent people, but their narrowness and prejudices must be humored. And then, why should you volunteer to tell them your whole history? It is my wish, for the children's sake as well as for yours, that you should have the position. And then, the salary he offers—it is very large. As for the theatre episode, nobody in S— will hear any thing about it unless I tell them, which, you may be sure, I shall not. Believe me, the wisest thing you can do is to accept."

The good old lady was right. After considering the proposition with my mother, I set about making the necessary preparations for my new sphere, and in a week I was on the way to S—.

The journey was quite a long one. It was late at night when I started in the stage-coach, then I made a considerable distance with the railroad; and, finally, I took a coach again to S—, where I arrived just at twilight on a mild March evening.

The leave-taking, the sleepless night, and the traveling, had made me very weary, but, as I neared the place of my destination, my curiosity seemed to overcome my fatigue, and it was with real delight that I contemplated the picturesque sight and the neat appearance of the busy little town.

When the post-coach stopped, two fellow-travelers alighted, and, when it came my turn, a tall, serious-looking man, with crape on his hat, stood ready to assist me.

"Fräulein Walter, is it not?" he asked, removing his hat with one hand while he reached me the other.

I answered in the affirmative.

"My name is Van Ditten," he replied.

A feeling of security immediately took possession of me, for this noble face, and these large, blue eyes, that looked down with a kindly expression upon me, inspired me with entire confidence; and then, the fact that he himself came to meet the governess of his children, spoke well for my future position.

After selecting out my luggage we got into a carriage that stood waiting for us, and drove to his residence, about a mile distant.

Four weeks afterward I wrote to my mother as follows:

"I am as contented, dearest mamma, as it would be possible for one to be in a similar position. Bertha and Bella are already very fond of me, and I seem to discharge all my duties to the satisfaction of everybody. Herr van Ditten is always serious and melancholy; he scarcely ever even smiles, except when he has the children around him, which is as much as possible. His parents are near neighbors, and live in a very handsome house. At first the grandmother came every morning to see the children, and—which seemed natural—to look after the household affairs generally; but, when she saw that this was unnecessary, that I attended to the house affairs as well as to the children, she asked me—and in a manner so amiable!—to bring her grandchildren every morning to her. Some time in the forenoon, therefore, usually quite early, while Herr van Ditten is at the factory, I take the two little beauties by the hand, and we go to make the old lady a short visit. We always go through the garden, in order to gather a small bunch of flowers, which, to-day Bertha, and to-morrow Bella, presents to grandmamma, who, with her ruddy face under her snow-white morning cap, and her long-skirted jacket, makes a thoroughly Netherland picture. The old-fashioned andirons shine like gold, and the white-damask cover on the table always looks as though it were fresh that morning from the hands of the laundry-maid. Every thing always stands in the same place, as though it were nailed there; the religious book she has before her never lies crooked, and, with mathematical precision, Trudeke, an old Dutch heirloom of a maid, enters and asks:

"Mevrouw, wat moet er gekookt worden?"

"There is here a disposition to cling even pedantically to old things and old ways, but I look at the picture as at a curiosity, and take no little interest in contemplating it. In externals the late Frau van Ditten evi-

dently took pains to copy after her mother-in-law, and I endeavor to follow her example. Why should I not? But, with regard to the intellectual training of my two little girls, their father has given me distinctly but discreetly to understand that, while he would have me humor the feelings and prejudices of his parents, especially of his mother, he would have his children educated in a thoroughly liberal spirit, just as I have been. If he had had other views and wishes, I could not have seconded them. You see, mother dear, that my position has its difficulties, but I hope all will go well, and I have good reason for thinking that my hopes will be realized, for I have been so fortunate as to secure a warm place in Frau van Ditten's esteem. This I accomplished, in a great measure, with two pairs of little rubber shoes. There are such now, you must know, that are warm as overshoes. Bertha and Bella have each a pair, which I had them put on the first time I took them to their grandmother, and, of course, take off in the anteroom. The old lady noticed instantly how thoroughly clean the children's shoes were, and, with a look of satisfaction at her Persian carpet, she said:

"De jefvrouw weet wat fatsoenlyk is." (The maiden knows what is proper.)

"On the whole, it is very quiet here. Everybody and every thing seems in mourning, which is, perhaps, very natural; but to me it is like the calm after a storm, and I am the better for it. I do not think, however, that I could find the time long, for that I am too fully, too agreeably, and, I feel, too usefully occupied. The factory is far enough from the house, so that we are quite removed from the noise, except when they are testing the finished arms and armor in the magazine, which stands nearer the house. These tests are witnessed now by officers sent by this and now by those sent by that government from which Herr van Ditten has contracts. Often when I hear them in the magazine I think, 'What a pity it is these helmets and breastplates will not always be empty when they receive heavy blows!'"

At first I never saw any of these officers, although, during the lifetime of the deceased Frau van Ditten, I was told the master of house nearly always invited them to partake of his hospitality. The widower being averse to recognizing such duties for a time after his bereavement, his parents undertook, when some three or four months had elapsed, to discharge them for him, and, as I was always invited to their entertainments, I welcomed these occasions as agreeable changes in the routine of my daily life.

A whole year elapsed before the younger Van Ditten opened his house again to society. Time had done its office. At first the deep melancholy of the bereaved husband gave place to a silent seriousness, which in its turn yielded to a cheerful calm.

"I trust you will help me, Fräulein, to put new life into my domestic establishment," said he to me one day, "by aiding me in dispensing those hospitalities that were once among the most agreeable duties I had to perform as the head of a household."

There was a certain tremulousness in Herr

van Ditten's voice as he spoke, and I myself experienced a peculiar sensation that rendered it necessary for me to exert my powers of self-control, in order to answer in a conventional tone:

"Oh, certainly, with pleasure, if I am equal to the task."

"No one more so, and there is no one whom I would sooner see undertake it," he replied. From that hour I knew that the bonds which united me to that family were indissoluble, and I felt such content and happiness as I never in my life had felt before.

From this time on we began to "keep open house," and that I was not wanting in ease and grace in discharging my duties as hostess, was but the natural consequence of stage experience, than which there is, perhaps, no better school for *savoir faire*.

On one occasion, which proved to be more than ordinarily eventful, three officers had been invited to dinner; besides them, we had Herr van Ditten's parents and two sisters, with their husbands and three daughters. We were all assembled in the drawing-room, and waited for the third officer, who was expected to-day for the first time.

We were engaged in a lively conversation, when suddenly all eyes were turned toward the door. The stranger had arrived.

The master of the house advanced to welcome him; then, taking him by the arm, he brought him forward to introduce him to me.

"Fräulein Walter," said he, "who has kindly undertaken to direct the education of my children—Herr von Trebow."

"A—h! we are old acquaintances, are we not, mademoiselle? Then you have left the stage? Got enough of it, eh? Sorry, on my honor! Best *Annie* of your time!"

If I had been accused of being an escaped murderess, the good people then and there assembled could not have looked more amazed. I felt that all eyes were on me, and there I stood the very personification of a guilty conscience, for the moment unable to make any reply, because I saw only too clearly in what an equivocal and perilous situation I was placed.

Suddenly the severe tones of Frau van Ditten's voice broke the painful silence with the question:

"Is de jefvrouw by de komedie geweest?" (Has the maiden been an actress?)

I glanced at Herr van Ditten, whose eyes were fixed upon me with an expression of painful suspense, but there was nothing in his mien to discourage me. I raised my head, and, as I felt that the momentary pallor of my face had given place to a deep crimson, I said, in a firm tone:

"Yes, I have been an actress. For a year I was a member of the opera company of N—, in order to aid my mother in educating my younger brothers. But I was unable to contend against the intrigues that are inseparable from such a career—as no one better knows than Herr von Trebow—and was ignominiously driven from the field. I was very unhappy in it, but, until now, I have been very happy here in my new and entirely different sphere."

"And how fortunate for me and my chil-

dren that you were driven from the field!" interrupted Herr van Ditten. "But come, let us to the order of the day, or rather the hour, that is, to dinner. Will Fräulein Walter do me the honor?"

And he bowed to me, and offered me his arm to lead me—it was the first time he ever did so—to the dining-room. And I was doubly grateful for the attention, when I saw, on the plate next to mine, Trebow's name, which was now, in obedience to a motion from the host, changed with another at the other end of the table.

"Thanks, thanks!" said I, in an undertone. "I trust the facts will fully justify me."

"In my eyes you require no justification; but my mother—see that she takes the proper view of it."

In spite of all our efforts, the conversation was forced. What talking was done seemed to be done from duty. Trebow sat and twisted his mustache with a supercilious smile. He alone seemed to be at ease under the wet blanket he had thrown over us. I did what I could to appear cheerful and composed, but I could not eat. In fact, it was as much as I could well do to keep back my tears.

Oh, how I longed for the officers to take leave! At last they went, when another pause ensued—a pause which seemed to say to me: "Now we are alone, speak!"

I began and told my story in all its details, as I have done here, indeed I dwelt, perhaps, still more in particulars. Above all, I endeavored to make my listeners understand and appreciate the motives by which I had been actuated, and herein I seemed to have been entirely successful; for, when I had ended, they all came to me, one after the other, and gave me their hands and kind words. The first was Frau van Ditten, who said, as she grasped my hand:

"Wis een ordently k mensch, jefvrouw, Walter; alle respect voor u" (You are a proper person, maiden Walter; I have great respect for you).

Herr van Ditten pressed my hand, and said only:

"Dear Josephine!"

Herr von Trebow remained several days longer, but I saw nothing more of him, for he was not invited again, either by us or by the parents of Herr van Ditten, and when he called there to say "Good-by," Mevrouw denied herself to him. To me he did not come; if he had, I should probably have done as grand-mama did.

The same officers were frequently sent several times by their respective governments to make these tests; it was, therefore, not at all improbable that Trebow might some day return. A year had nevertheless passed, and we had seen nothing of him, when he was sent to act in the place of an officer who had met with an accident that confined him to his quarters. But I no longer had any reason to fear him; I had become the mother of the children, whom I loved as dearly as though they were my own, and the mistress of the house, which had been a second home to me from the time I entered it.

As for any friendly relations with Trebow, they were, of course, not to be thought of;

but I wished him to be invited once to the house, and that, too, immediately after his arrival. It was a large evening party, for which I took unusual pains with my toilet, and at which I took equal pains that no one should fail to be, who was present on the former occasion, and witnessed my humiliation.

In my desire to see how the little comedy, for which I had prepared the *mise en scène*, would be played, I looked again and again toward the door in the hope of seeing Trebow enter. Finally he came, was received by Herr van Ditten with formal courtesy, and then left to himself. I saw him glance searchingly around the room until his eye rested on me. Slowly, but not unnoticed by me—and also by others—he directed his steps toward me. Then he paused, and seemed for a while to debate whether he should approach me or not, while I spoke with a lady; but when the lady left me, and I turned round, he stood before me.

"Mademoiselle Walter!" he cried, in a tone of surprise. "Delighted, on my honor, to find you still here! Come, now, don't look so frowningly, so irreconcilable! Come, I beg of you! True, this look becomes you *magnifique*—every inch a queen, on my honor!"

"You forget, Herr von Trebow—"

"Not at all, not at all! I forget nothing, and, least of all, how superb you looked as 'Reine de la Nuit!' But you are more beautiful than ever—you are, indeed. I always said, 'La Walter—'"

"Pardon me, Herr von Trebow," interrupted at this moment the sonorous voice of Van Ditten, as he took my hand, "you seem to be in error. Allow me to present to you Frau van Ditten, my wife."

It was now his turn to be confused and to change color, and he did so even worse than I had done the year previously. I was avenged. He made an excuse to leave early, and I never saw him afterward.

NINA'S ATONEMENT.

By CHRISTIAN REID.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

BUT this first contest was only the keynote of a struggle to come—a struggle which grew in intensity day by day, as the time for Nina's marriage approached, and, as Martindale began to realize that it would prove more difficult than he imagined to sway her to his purpose. He found that a change had come over the girl—a change which struck below the surface, and which puzzled even while it angered him. For a while he doubted its genuineness: it was nothing more than an impulse of generosity, he thought, or else one of those tricks of coquetry which women of all ages and all countries understand so well. But, as time went on, he could no longer treat it with nonchalant coolness; he was forced to believe that Nina was in earnest when she declared her intention of keeping faith with Ralph. It was then that he began to appre-

ciate how much he had overrated his influence with her. It was then that he first began to understand that she had only meant to amuse herself—only meant to feed her vanity and test her power with his homage—and that, although she had been drawn, by the strong force of will rather than by the strong force of attraction, further than she intended, she had never seriously meant to surrender for his sake any one of the substantial advantages which opened before her as Ralph Wyverne's wife.

At least this was Martindale's way of putting it. Recognizing with a start that he had never awakened more than that flattered fancy which the impressionable heart of a girl yields readily enough to the first comer, and that in this fancy there was no element of that love which heeds no obstacles to its end, he did not recognize how much the girl had to resist in her eager longing for the world, and those things of the world which he embodied. Finding that she stood firm in her resolution of marrying Ralph, it would be hard to say how much of foiled desire, of wounded vanity, and outraged bitterness, gathered in his consideration of the manner in which she had "trifled" with him. No man likes his own weapons to be turned against him in such fashion; but Martindale liked it less even than most men. He had good reason for thinking that he knew the world more than ordinarily well, and he felt deeply that he had been "made a fool of" by a girl whose experience of society began and ended in the stagnant country neighborhood around her. If this pang of mortified vanity—keen as it was—had been all the trouble, however, he might have shaken the dust of Wyverne off his feet in disgust, and left Nina to the fate she had chosen. Unfortunately, however, there were graver passions in reserve—passions that began to rouse themselves in ominous sternness when he saw the beautiful prize, which he had determined to call his own, in danger of passing from him. Never before had it seemed so well worth winning! Never had Nina seemed so well worth any sacrifice or exertion, as when she set her will against his own, and declared her intention of fulfilling her engagement! Never had his determination waxed greater than when she enraged him by an opposition on which he had not counted, by a defiance of which he had not dreamed! And, in order that this determination may be appreciated at its full value, it must be said that Martindale was troubled with singularly few scruples, and that he possessed in marked degree a resolution so indomitable that he had learned to think it invincible. Add to this, intense passions, together with a very small amount of what phrenologists call "conscientiousness," and the most tranquil ignorance might imagine that the combination could not fail to be dangerous, let it be veiled by never so much of that graceful indifference which our nineteenth-century civilization has taught its men and women to cultivate. Vesuvius is none the less Vesuvius because gardens are planted on its slope; the volcano is not extinct, and, when its lava bursts forth, the gardens fare but ill.

It is useless to say that, if Nina had

known any thing of the character of the man with whom she had "amused" herself, she might have felt that he was right in telling her that it was too late to think of dowsing the consequences of her folly, too late to dream of atonement to Ralph, too late for any attempt at controlling the demon of circumstance she had evoked. But she was too inexperienced to form any judgment of character in the concrete. Judging in the abstract, she conceived Martindale to be like all other men of his class of whom she had heard and read, quick enough to amuse himself with a pretty face, but ready enough also to see when the amusement was over, and to go his way with due philosophy and an unbroken heart. Strong passions and desperate deeds were quite out of fashion nowadays, she thought. It was only in old romances that men were incited to either or both by the magic of a woman's fair face. Other people besides Nina think these things. Other people, also, wake to find that this old, wicked human nature of ours is the same to-day as yesterday, the same yesterday as three hundred or three thousand years ago.

Yet, despite this comfortable assurance, these days were very terrible to Nina. The girl felt as if she moved in a vague, dreadful mist. She was living a dual life, and she sometimes stopped to ask herself which of the two existences was real. On one side was all the preparation for her marriage—that preparation which agitates the ordinary feminine mind and the ordinary domestic household so deeply—Mrs. Wyverne's animated bustle over the *trousseau*, the wedding-cards, the wedding-breakfast—every thing connected with the wedding, in fact—and Ralph's quiet but tender certainty of happiness. On the other was Martindale's fiery passion, his vehement pleading, his arbitrary assertions of power, the struggle ever renewed yet never ended, and, above all, the alluring temptation of freedom—freedom so near that she had but to stretch out her hand and take it, yet so far away, since she could not harden her heart sufficiently to stretch out that hand.

It was no wonder that the bright cheek grew pale, or that dark circles sprang for the first time into existence under the sunny eyes, even during this short fortnight. Few of us have not learned to our cost how much of emotion can be compressed into the space of a few days—nay, even of a few hours. And, epicurean though she was, Nina suffered as she enjoyed—with her whole soul. She had never mastered—it is doubtful if by any possibility she ever could have mastered—the phlegmatic impassibility which is the grand talisman of selfish happiness. Hers was a wholly different temperament—a temperament that, for all its intense love of pleasure, could not divorce its energy even from pain, and, despite its fitful waywardness, possessed impulses of generosity that scarcely hesitated at any height of self-sacrifice. "You may make this sacrifice," Martindale said, "but you will not have strength enough to abide by it." And, in truth, this was where Nina failed. She had sufficient enthusiasm and unselfishness for a quick martyrdom; but, for that slow martyrdom of the soul

which we call the death of hope, she possessed neither courage nor strength. An observation less keen than Martindale's might have predicted that, if she married Ralph Wyverne, she would not even sink into the apathy which with many women does duty for resignation, but would rather eat out her heart in longings and desires as bitter as they were fruitless.

Time, which stands still for no man, rolled swiftly on, meanwhile, and the date appointed for the marriage drew very near. During these days, the household at Wyverne saw but little of Martindale. All of the day, and most of the night, he spent in the laboratory, generally working with closed doors. Even Ralph knew little of what he was about. In fact, just then Ralph was thinking of other things. The near approach of matrimony banished even chemistry from his mind—besides which, Mr. Wyverne chanced to be "laid up" with an attack of gout; and this indisposition naturally threw an added amount of business into his son's hands. In days of well-organized labor, it was no trifle to keep the eye of a master on two large plantations; but in these days the necessity of supervision is increased by ten- if not by twenty-fold. Hence Ralph was busy, and business dulls men's faculties of observation. He had only a vague idea of what Martindale was doing, and, although he saw that Nina was looking rather pale, he thought that it would be "all right" after they were married, and had left home for that change of air which is considered beneficial for newly-married people.

"Have you seen any thing of Martindale to-day, Nina?" he asked one afternoon when he had come in tired from a ride of several miles, and flung himself at luxurious full length on a couch in the hall, where Nina chanced to be sitting.

"Very little," she answered, quietly. Her hands were clasped idly over a novel which she had not been reading, her eyes gazed wistfully out of the broad, open door to the afternoon lights and shadows that were checkering the lawn beyond. Just then it occurred to her with a thrill of relief that there were only three more days of this to be endured. Three days hence she would be married and gone—never likely, she hoped and trusted, to see Martindale again.

"I must go down and look in on that fellow," Ralph was, meanwhile, saying lazily. "He told me yesterday that he was devoting himself to my experiments, and had made some progress in them. He seems wonderfully well satisfied with his quarters. He says he has never before been able to test in a thoroughly satisfactory manner some ideas of his own. I told him I hoped he would stay here while we were gone, and, when we come back, I shall be more at leisure, and we can go over the result of all that he has done."

"Ralph!"—it was a low, quivering cry that absolutely made Ralph start—"you surely have not done such a thing as that? You surely have not asked that man to stay here when you know how much I—I distrust him?"

"Yes, I have," said Ralph. He was quite astonished, and raised himself on his elbow. "I am sorry if you don't like it," he went on, after a moment, "but really, Nina, I had no

idea that your dislike of Martindale went so far as this. I am sure he thinks very highly of you, and—"

"I did not say that I disliked him, Ralph," she interrupted, with a painful flush, "but that I distrust him. I do not think his experiments will ever come to any thing, and I am sorry there is any prospect of his being here when we return. I—I was only just thinking that it would be a relief to be alone."

"I wonder I did not think of that myself," said Ralph, looking as much discomfited as a large Newfoundland does when, by some piece of amateur sagacity, he incurs scolding instead of commendation. "It was stupid of me, but I really did not think that Martindale mattered. I thought you had grown to like him famously—and then the chemistry, Nina! I should like to go to that in earnest when we come back."

"Can't you go to it by yourself?" asked Nina. But she heaved a weary sigh. She knew that even her influence reckoned for nothing when opposed to that of chemistry.

"I don't know," answered Ralph, doubtfully. "You see I have been so busy that I have not been able to keep up with what Martindale is doing. Unless he is here when I come back, therefore, his having been here at all will have done me little good."

"Why did you bring him, then?" said Nina. Her hands wrung themselves tightly together. How lightly and idly this had been done which had changed the whole current and meaning of her life!

"I have told you all about that," said Ralph, sinking back on his cushions. "I was sorry for having brought him when I found you did not like him, and I am still more sorry for having so thoughtlessly asked him to prolong his visit; but I can't get out of it now, you know," said the honest, hospitable fellow.

"One can't ask one's guest to leave, certainly," said Nina, bitterly. "But the guest himself may sometimes have discretion enough to see that it would be well to do so."

"Not unless he perceives that his presence is disagreeable," said Ralph, adding, a little indignantly, "I would infinitely rather show a man out of my house than treat him with incivility in it."

"I was not thinking of treating him with incivility," said Nina, half absently. "You ought to know that, Ralph. No one is more Arabian in his ideas of hospitality than I am, but—did Mr. Martindale say that he would remain?" she interrupted herself by asking, looking quickly at her cousin.

"He made a sort of half promise—his movements were uncertain for the next month, he said; but he added that, if we remained as long as we intended, we should probably find him here when we returned."

There was silence for a minute after this. The drowsy stillness of a summer afternoon seemed to brood over the house; now and then a gentle snore came from the library where Mr. Wyverne was enjoying a *siesta*; a few flies were lazily buzzing about—Keeper, the great mastiff, snapped at them occasionally; the last rays of the sun were streaming across the terrace, and reddening the cedar-hedge. Nina watched it all as in a dream. She was won-

dering what Martindale meant, and how she could best prevent any thing so terrible as it would be to find him at Wyverne when she came back from her bridal tour.

After a while she rose. Nina was tired, and, finding himself in a very comfortable position, he had fallen asleep with that air of supreme, restful enjoyment which we notice in the slumbers of children and dogs. With one glance at his placid, unconscious face, Nina took her garden-hat from a table near by, and went out of the open door.

She walked slowly around the terrace, pondering whether or not she was wise in seeking Martindale, as a sudden impulse prompted her to do. For several days she had studiously avoided the garden, where most of their interviews had taken place. The scenes of passionate struggle, which at first had been so exciting and pleasant, had of late wearied and torn and terrified her all at once. The old legends are right: "It is much easier to raise a fiend than to put him down again;" and there are instances around us every day of people who, having tried the experiment, fare as badly as their incautious predecessors of the middle ages.

Nina, unluckily for herself, was one of these. The fiend which she had raised proved totally beyond her powers of management. The stormy and exacting devotion for which she had longed was not half so entertaining as she had imagined it would be. During these days, she had turned more than once with a sense of absolute relief to Ralph's quiet affection and unwavering trust. As she went her way now—down the terrace-steps and along the garden-paths—she felt a shrinking in every fibre from the scene before her. Her whole pleasure-loving nature rose up in revolt against the pain and vexation which seemed to encompass her. "It is infamous!—he has no right to torment me so!" she said, setting her white teeth and clinching her soft hands. "I will not submit to it any longer."

As she uttered these words half aloud, she turned into a path that led directly to the pavilion. It stood clearly before her at the end of the vista, a pretty and appropriate adjunct to the luxuriant, old-fashioned garden. As she strolled slowly along—her steps unconsciously growing more lagging as she approached—she saw a juvenile factotum of the establishment, black in color and Jack by name, emerge from the laboratory and advance along the path toward her, swinging something in his hand. What this was she could not distinguish until, as he drew near, it proved to be a dead cat; which no sooner did Miss Dalzell perceive, than she promptly and imperiously collared the bearer:

"Where did that come from, Jack?" she demanded. "What are you doing with it?"

"Mr. Martindale killed him, and told me to take him and fling him away," said Jack, who had a wholesome fear of being arraigned for cruelty at the bar of "Miss Nina's" indignant justice.

"Mr. Martindale killed it!" repeated Nina. She was on the point of saying, "How dare you tell me such a falsehood?" when she remembered that the boy had come down the laboratory-steps, which gave at least a

plausible air to the statement. "Why did Mr. Martindale kill it?" she asked, suspiciously. "Is it not your mother's cat? Jack, if you are telling me what is not so—"

"I ain't a-tellin' you what ain't so, Miss Nina," said Jack, filled with a sense of virtuous innocence. "Mammy said Mr. Martindale might have old Tom for a dollar, an' he tole me to fetch him along, an' I done it, an' he killed him."

"How did he kill him?" demanded Nina. She still looked at the speaker with an air of suspicion, which Jack felt to be hard to bear.

"I dunno 'xactly how," he answered, shuffling one bare, black foot in the sand. "He never done nothin' to him. He jist put him under some kind of a glass thing, an' he dropped right down dead, as if he'd a bin shot."

"I wonder if he is dead," said Nina. She examined the lax, inanimate form with tender fingers, while Jack looked on without much wonder; he knew "Miss Nina's ways." But it was all in vain. Science had done its work. Poor Tom was hopelessly dead; so, bidding Jack give him decent burial, Nina turned and walked away.

She could not go to the laboratory after that. It was not only that she was revolted—unreasonably revolted, perhaps, after the manner of people who have not the love or the advancement of science at heart—by the cruelty of which she had just heard, but a sudden strange sense of terror came over her. She told herself that it was irrational, but she could not reason it away. Of course, she had always known what deadly forces lurked in chemistry; she had also been aware that Martindale, in pursuit of an "idea" of his own, had been experimenting for some time in poisonous gases; and she knew, as everybody knows, how ruthlessly the devotees of science sacrifice God's helpless creatures on their altar. But, despite all this, she could not drive away that chill sense of impending evil which had come so suddenly, and with which we are all familiar—which we call a presentiment when it is fulfilled, and which we forget with so much ease when it is unfulfilled. She was aware that it probably arose from her own overwrought frame of mind; yet, when she turned aside and sat down in a little rose-arbor, her heart was beating like that of some frightened wild creature. The sun was gone by this time, and the lovely, fragrant twilight had fallen over the earth. But Nina had no heed for it. "I am a fool!" she thought, angrily. "I am worse than a fool! But how terrible—oh, how terrible—for any one to hold such power as that!" Then she thought: "He must go away! I do not trust him; I said I did not trust him, from the first. God forgive me, if I am wronging him, as we should not wrong our worst enemy—but there is something dreadful about him! I have felt that, and yet I have told myself that it was folly. But he must go—even if I have to tell Ralph the truth."

Yet she felt that, to tell Ralph the truth, would be to put out of the question the sacrifice which she desired to make for him. Dearly as he loved her, bitterly as it would pain him to surrender her, Ralph Wyverne was made of better stuff than to accept any wo-

man's hand—even that of the woman he loved best on earth—if it were given unwillingly. If he had once known how Nina's impatient heart yearned for the freedom of the world, for a life and love such as he could not give her, he would have been the first to snap asunder the link which bound them to each other; and of this fact no one was more thoroughly aware than the girl who sat there under the roses, gazing with absent eyes and overclouded brow at the wealth of summer bloom and beauty around her.

But, despite the anxious thoughts which overshadowed her, she made a picture that stirred Martindale's heart into a tumult of admiration when he came round a turn of the path upon her. He had caught a glimpse of her white dress from the laboratory, and followed as quickly as possible; but, not looking for her just here, the sudden spell of her loveliness—framed by the green vines and hanging roses—moved him the more strongly for its unexpectedness. It is hard to define a mental sensation of any kind, but it is especially hard to define the effect which beauty produces on the soul of its worshiper, on the temperament that is keenly alive to its influence. He started and stopped for a moment, then came forward quickly. Hearing the ring of his tread on the gravel path, Nina turned toward him and they faced each other.

"I am glad to find you," he said, abruptly. "When I caught a glimpse of your dress a few minutes ago, I was thinking of going to the house in search of you. But this is better."

"You can have nothing to say to me," said Nina, coldly. "Why should you have gone to the house in search of me? But I have something to say to you," she went on, catching her breath quickly, and looking at him with level, defiant eyes. "That is why I came into the garden. Ralph has just told me that you have promised to stay at Wyverne while we are gone, and to be here when we return. I have come to tell you that it is impossible—that I will not submit to any thing of the kind. Sooner than endure it, I will tell him every thing."

"He will not need to be told any thing," said Martindale, quietly. He looked paler than usual, and there were certain stern-cut lines about his mouth, the full significance of which Nina had not yet learned to appreciate. "He will know every thing sooner and better than words can tell him—for I have come to tell you that this must end. You must leave Wyverne with me to-night, Nina."

"Leave Wyverne with you to-night!" repeated Nina. For a minute she could say no more. His cool assumption of a proprietorship which she had repeatedly disowned, absolutely stunned her. She felt outraged and indignant even while she was conscious of a horrible sense of impotence. What could she do against a man with whom words went literally for naught? Her own folly had placed her in his power, and, although she had for a time defied its exercise, she has of late been aware of a growing fear of Martindale. Reason told her that it was impossible for him to compel her to any thing; but instinct—sometimes the wisest as well as sometimes the foolish of guides—warned her that he

would probably end by compelling her to all that he desired.

"What do you mean by speaking to me in this manner!" she said, flushing angrily. "How often must I tell you that I mean to keep my faith with Ralph at any cost? How often must I repeat that I will not be so ungrateful as to leave those who have done every thing for me, for you who have done nothing save poison my life with discontent, and make me wretched? But it is useless to go over this," she said, quivering with excitement. "In three days I shall be married, and it will be at an end. All that I came to say is—you must go away from Wyverne!"

"I shall go when you are ready to go with me," he answered. His tone would have indicated to duller ears than those of the girl who listened, that the struggle between them had reached its supreme issue. His face hardened in resolution as she looked, but his eyes were full of passionate light. "Have you learned yet that there is no power short of death which can make me leave you?" he said. "Nina, have you not yet appreciated the utter folly of all this? You are mine! I will keep you at any cost. It is for you to decide what that cost shall be."

"My experience of men is limited," said Nina, exasperated beyond all power of forbearance, "but I have never known or heard of a man who found it so difficult to understand a plain and decided refusal as you seem to do."

"Perhaps you have never known or heard of a man who himself refused so decidedly to be made the plaything of feminine caprice," said Martindale. There was no indication of ruffled temper in his tone, though she saw a quick flash in the brown eyes. "But this is sheer waste of time," he went on, "and every minute is precious. Nina, I can make arrangements for our departure to-night, if you will consent to come with me. Once for all, will you do it?"

"Once for all—no!" answered Nina. She uttered the last word with an emphasis that startled a bird in the top of the arbor. It flew upward with a shrill cry that in turn startled her. To her overwrought fancy, it sounded like a note of warning.

"No!" repeated Martindale. He took her hands almost violently into his own. "Nina, do you mean it?" he said, hoarsely. "Do you understand what it implies? Do you know that you will drive me to do any thing to break off this accursed marriage? For you love me—you cannot deny that. Neither can you deny that you long for the world which I offer and can give you. Nina, if you are wise, you will come with me now—at once!"

"If you were generous, you would go away and leave me," said Nina, with a gasp. She was touched and torn by his vehemence, by his pale, passionate, pleading face. But she stood firm. There was something more than ordinary in the girl, after all. She was more nearly in love with Martindale at that moment than she had ever been before, and a great wave of yearning for freedom and pleasure, the sweets of life and the gifts of love, seemed to rush over her. But she thought of Ralph, of those who, as she said, had "done every

thing" for her; and her whole nature rose up in rebellion against the treachery of leaving them thus. "I cannot!" she said. "I cannot! Oh, why did you come? Why did you not go away long ago? Why do you not leave me in peace? I must, I will, marry Ralph!"

"You will never marry Ralph!" said he. "Nina, I tell you again that, if you are wise, you will come with me to-night. You think that you will work harm to Ralph Wyverne by going; believe me, you may work worse harm to him by staying."

"How can I work harm to him by staying?" she asked, glancing up quickly. Something in his tone—a menacing accent hard to be described—thrilled her with a sudden, vague fear. She felt herself shiver from head to foot in the warm, summer dusk. The suspicion which had rushed upon her, without any apparent cause a little while before, came back now. What did Martindale intend to imply? How could she work harm to Ralph by staying?

"What do you mean?" she asked, shrinking back a little. "You must be more explicit if you wish me to understand you. How can I work harm to Ralph by staying?"

"You will make his life miserable," said Martindale. "The stuff of which tame, household martyrs are made, is not in you, Nina. That fiery soul of yours will pine like a caged eagle when you are once Ralph Wyverne's wife. You must come with me. For God's sake, end this miserable trifling, and say that you will do so! Nina, you *must* come! There is no time to lose. We must leave here to-night. To-morrow you will be my wife, and, before the week is out, we shall have sailed for Europe."

"No," said Nina. It was her one sheet-anchor—this monosyllable—and she clung to it as a drowning man clings to the spar that may be his salvation. "No—I cannot!"

"Do you mean that you will not?" he asked. He dropped her hands as he spoke, and recoiled a step, looking at her with burning, passionate eyes, and pale, set face. "Nina—stop and think! Do you mean that you *will* not?"

"Yes, I mean that," she answered. This last struggle was harder than she had thought that it would be—this last pang was sharper than she had counted upon—but she felt that, at any cost, "every thing" must be ended. At any cost, Martindale must learn that his further presence at Wyverne was useless. So she threw back her graceful head haughtily. "Have you at last begun to realize that I mean it?" she asked. "Do you at last understand that I have never intended to marry you? and that I have always intended to marry Ralph?"

There was a tone of almost insolent defiance in these words, which, if she had been wise, would have been the very last she would have adopted—a tone calculated to sting Martindale's sensitive pride like the touch of a whip. It's effect was perceptible in a moment, even through his proof-armor of trained self-command. A dark-red flush surged over his face, then retreated as quickly. A gleam of dangerous fire came into his eyes, which did not retreat, and his lips set themselves

quickly and sternly under the brown mustache. For a minute he did not answer; but Nina—who had by this time learned to know something of the weather-signs of his face—shrank a little. If she feared violence, she was reassured, however, by the quietness of the tone in which he spoke.

"Yes, I understand you at last," he said. "Perhaps, indeed, I have understood you all the time better than you think. That you have not at all understood me is, no doubt, a matter of much less importance. I have always thought," he went on, with a short laugh, "that the man who allows a woman to play fast-and-loose with him deserves all that falls to his share in the way of suffering and mortification. Your candor teaches me that I am quite right. Whoever has incurred contempt cannot be surprised that it is bestowed upon him. Whoever suffers himself to be made the toy of a woman must expect to receive her scorn. There are some toys that, in unskillful hands, prove dangerous, however. It is always well to remember that."

"I did not mean—" Nina began; but he interrupted her imperiously, seizing her hands again as one who claims what is his by right.

"You must mean *one* thing, or else nothing!" he said. "For the last time, Nina, will you come with me to-night?"

"For the last time—no!" answered Nina. The word rang out clearly on the dewy, fragrant stillness. By a supreme effort, she wrenched her hands out of his clasp, and turned from him. There was a spell in his face against which she could not harden her heart. "How often must I repeat it?" she demanded, bitterly. "How often must I say 'No!'"

"You need not say it again," Martindale's voice answered out of the gloaming at her side. "I have been slow to comprehend, certainly, but I think I see at last. You have made your choice, Nina. Remember that its consequences rest with yourself."

Those were his last words. She did not turn her face again toward him, but she heard his quick, elastic tread crushing down the gravel as he walked away.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

VENICE.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

THE night advanced upon us as we crossed the campagna of Padua, directing our way toward Venice. The sky was cloudy, and at intervals between the showers there were moments of great clearness and beauty, in which the first stars of evening floated in the limpid atmosphere. But, on the border of the horizon, toward the northern extremity, on the side of the mountains, the clouds emitted flashes of lightning; while on the other extreme, toward the south, from the side of the sea, fringes of purple, formed by the vapors of the lake, mingling with the last glimmer of daylight, gave a copper-colored tint to the scene, and a fantastic appearance to Nature; it was impossible to doubt that the region which we were about to visit would satisfy all our desires and reward our longing, as these natural beauties were revealed

between the sublime mysteries of the fading light. Notwithstanding the beauty around, my impatience was excessive. I observed that vegetation became extinct, that we passed dried-up canals, full of mud, on whose borders some marine plants grew sadly. But, though I continually put my head from the window, hoping to see the final point of our journey, I saw neither the celebrated lagoon nor the beloved city; it seemed as if it fled from my impatience and escaped from my desire. I had such an idea of the fragility of this beautiful Venice, continually combating the winds and the waters, that I feared she would disappear before I was permitted to behold her, and bury herself in the seashell in which she was born, as a living miracle of human history.

While still excited by these thoughts, the train entered the lagoon of San Marco. The heavens, as I have said, were on one side clear and bright, on the other dark and cloudy, with occasional flashes of lightning, at intervals obscured by clouds or brilliant with stars, altogether of so singular an aspect that I did not weary of looking at it, demanding its light to drink in that spectacle, the object of so many desires, the subject of so many dreams. The immense lagoon, which still preserved in its tranquil surface something of the brightness of the day, shone in all the expanse of the vast horizon like an extended looking-glass crossed by bands, sometimes of opal where it reflected the stars, sometimes of amethyst where it mirrored the clouds, kindled into a blaze every now and then by vivid flashes of lightning. The smoke of the locomotive, the breeze from the lagoons, the clouds over our heads, the waters beneath our feet, and the broad range of vision, made us imagine we were far from the earth, or cruising in some distant, extraordinary, and unknown region. Between the uncertain sights, the fitful shadows, outlined fantastically, as if in a half-darkened mirror, we discovered the buildings of Venice, here and there illumined by pale lights. If I had not known I was in Venice, I should immediately have recognized her, seeing her rise as if by enchantment from the waves, balance herself between the surface of the water and the liquid air, without visibly touching the earth in any part; a floating city, a nomad maritime caravan, presided over by some god of the waves, taking a temporary refuge in the tranquil bosom of the blue Adriatic. What beauty of colors, notwithstanding the night! The stars seem to tremble in the undulating light; the marine vegetation gives some sombre touches to the scene; a light-house contrives by its reflections to make serpents of topaz; the oar of a boat throws up a shower of brilliant flashes of phosphorescent light; already white stars (like those of the milky-way) show themselves in the heavens; on one side are the shadows of the houses, darkening the twilight, extending festoons of jet across the water; while on the other side a cloud, lost by chance, and which, like an aerial sponge, absorbs the last rays of the departing sun, letting them fall on certain points in a rain of purple; all varied by the gases and the strange reflections which the vapors of the air and the changes of the lake

give to this almost ideal world of most enchanting beauty.

At last the train stopped. The formalities of giving up the tickets and collecting the luggage excited in an incredible manner our natural impatience. One would wish to be a bird or a fish—to arrive in Venice through the air or the water, without being annoyed with trunks and umbrellas, which our human weakness make necessary. At last, however, you tread those shores eternally kissed by the waters. A long row of black gondolas, light and elegant, await you. Mechanically you enter the first, without troubling yourself either as to your destination or the price of the voyage, as if all the conditions of economic life were upset there, where all the conditions of vulgar life in ancient and modern towns are also reversed. Giving, in answer to the gondolier, the address of your hotel, you feel, by an almost imperceptible movement, that you glide along the waters. The soul is weighed down by a profound sentiment of sadness. The gondola, ill lighted by a little lamp placed at the end, and conducted by two men, one standing at either extremity, appears sometimes a coffin, sometimes a whale, sometimes a black swan, sometimes a glow-worm, or the transformed corpse of one of the ancient citizens of the Adriatic, which draws you onward to the dark caverns of the profound bosom of the ocean. As you are dazzled by the brightness of the resplendent lagoon, you seem to enter into the region of darkness. The waters have a wonderfully sombre color, looking as if thick and really bituminous. The great walls of the high buildings deepen the night. The lanterns, placed at long distances, only serve as a slight contrast against the general obscurity. Venice has her streets of land and her streets of water. The streets of water are not lighted. Only the white phosphorescence of the track, or the feeble brightness of a window, or the faint ray of the dull little lamp from a silent gondola which passes beside you, or the reverberation from some distant corner, illumines and animates that curious and tortuous labyrinth of stones and iron gratings, of bridges, and of posts for attaching the gondolas—a sort of stunted aquatic trees, but without branches, without leaves, sad and withered. The city appears uninhabited. From time to time some living beings pass over the arches of the bridges, looking as unreal as the shadows of shadows. The silence is sepulchral. You hear only the cry of the gondolier, who warns his comrades to prevent a collision. This cry, repeated all around, is sharp and shrill, like the note of wild sea-birds. The green slime, which swims on the surface of the canals, floats at intervals and looks like dead bodies. The gate of a palace turns slowly on its hinges, some persons descend silently by the marble steps and enter a gondola. They resemble the inhabitants of a pantheon, who go to repose in a coffin. Moving onward, you enter the Grand Canal, and breathe an air more fresh and free; you see by the light of the stars shafts of twisted columns, plinths and pedestals, which mount above the water, Gothic roses, arched, Arabesque, and Byzantine windows, arches of the Renaissance; but, floating by

all these, the gondola loses itself anew in the maze of narrow, watery streets, and all the beautiful decorations disappear from our view, as the rapid hours of pleasure vanish in the long sadness of life.

The way was extremely tortuous from the station to our hotel. The gondoliers continued on foot at each end of the gondola, propelling it with their two broad oars and repeating their sharp cries. At every step a corner, at every corner a bridge, at the foot of the bridge and at the doors of the houses flights of marble steps, over the last white step the green water, and under the arches of the bridge and joined to the marble stairs the black gondolas, covered with large dark cloths, resembling those of a bier. The most necessary object of Venetian existence is the gondola, and the gondola is also the most melancholy. Imagine an ellipse of black wood, with various *filices*; at one of the extremities a great halberd, cut deeply with teeth, whose steel shines ominously, and at the other end a kind of little twisted tail; in the centre, like the ancient Venetian *tartanas*, or small, light coasting-vessels, is the place of repose, lined inside with black velvet, covered with black cloth with silk embroidery; full of soft cushions of morocco leather, provided with four windows, of whose glasses, curtains, and blinds, you can make what use you please; all is dark, melancholy, mysterious, and romantic, all inviting to adventure, and leading the imagination to legendary stories, one or the other of which remains as the natural consequence of all around, and, above all, of your inseparable companion, the silent gondola. Each city has its characteristic. Thus, Rome is the sublime city, Naples the pleasant city, Florence the academic city, Leghorn the mercantile city, Pisa the dead city, Bologna the musical city, Milan the civil city, and Venice the romantic city. The Moor and the merchant of Venice of Shakespeare, the Angelo of Victor Hugo, the dramas of Byron, have all been inspired by these shadows, and have here, in these gondolas, their mysterious cradles.

To-day Venice unites to the poetry of her arts the poetry of her recollections; and, to the poetry of her recollections, the poetry of her sadness. Her palaces are crumbling to decay, her statues fall in pieces from their pedestals, the smiling figures of her pictures vanish as the butterflies at the rude breath of winter. The blow which occasioned the variation of human movement toward other regions, as a consequence of the apparition of America in the world, and the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope—the wound which ruined her commerce is not of a nature to be cured by her recent liberty, because liberty cannot balance or undo geographical fatalities. Venice is dying. Only, in place of dying as an outcast in an Austrian dungeon, she dies like an honored matron in the bosom of her home, and surrounded by her children. Venice fell at the foot of the cradle of America, like Iphigenia at the foot of the cradle of Greece. The paths of humanity are strewn with victims, and progress is not exempted from this law of necessity. Life is nourished upon death. But, on this account, it is not

the less sad to see a city perish—a city whose doges had the imperial crown of Byzantium so often in their hands, and repelled it by the Phrygian cap of the old republic; to see a city fall whose standard terrified the Turks, and awakened the powers and energies of labor and commerce; to behold the death of a city whose liberties are the most ancient of the Christian era, and who alone has been the England of the middle ages; to watch the slow decay of a city who, in her cups of crystal, in her bacchanalian banquets, in her sensual songs, in her voluptuous serenades, in her coral garlands and sea-flowers, brought to our hearts and imaginations the immortal aroma of the Renaissance. How I regretted, in that voyage through the streets of Venice, that I was not a poet, or an orator, or a writer of any merit—that I could not lament with eloquence the death of that city unique in the world! Ideas of mourning and desolation only were inspired by those floating coffins, those sombre palaces, the magnificent half-ruined windows, the tortuous labyrinth of narrow streets and gloomy canals, the shadows outlined on the high bridges, the broken steps of marble kissed by the wavelets, the murmur of the water, like tear falling on tear, and the cries of the gondoliers, which sounded like a wail repeated by another lament.

We stopped at an hotel at the Grand Canal, opposite the Church Santa Maria della Salute, where we purposed remaining, very near the square of St. Mark. At this point the breadth of the canal is that of an arm of the sea. Its waters are as clear as the sun-illuminated daylight, and the phosphorescence left by the oars and keel leave around broad, white, ribbon-like bands of moonlight. On coming out of the narrow canals into that broad expanse, many gondolas were being directed toward the Rialto, lighted by Venetian lanterns, to be compared only to garlands of luminous flowers. This magical illumination showed vividly in the obscurity of the night, and was repeated in the transparency of the waters. From the gondolas came a solemn and most harmonious choir, accompanied by excellent instrumental music—a mysterious melody, increased and softened by the sound-conducting properties of the air and of the lagunes. After having made that strange journey; after having threaded that strange series of winding canals, in which Venice seemed one of those mystic towns painted by the artists of the middle ages on the walls of cemeteries, to represent Inferno; seeing myself in the Grand Canal, among that great crowd of monuments rising from the limpid waters under the transparent heavens, showing the white-marble churches, illumined by the starlight, and looking like mountains of snow; beholding the gondolas rapidly gliding along, a floating festival consecrated to art; drinking in that music, that delicious harmony in the waves of the wind and of the lagune, I believed myself in ancient Venice—in her who brought to her shores the riches and the colors of the East, in her who listened to the serenades of Leonardo di Vinci, in her who lent the shades of the rainbow to the palette of Titian, in her who loved laughter and merriment, in her who put the

empire of Constantine at her feet like a slave, and, as a companion at her side, Greece, the land of poets. But the serenade died away in the distance, the lights were lost in the windings of the canal, the lagune sunk again into profound silence, and the turrets of the neighboring churches rang out the hour of nightfall with elegiac melancholy.

It seemed too long to wait for the daylight that I might see Venice. I confess that one of the arts, in my opinion the most wonderful and impressive, is that of architecture. The stones of Venice, shaped by design as the notes of a piece of music, or the parts of a discourse, where beauty and harmony are both expressed, give pure and intellectual pleasure. The great lines, the broad spaces, the ambitious arches, the aerial cupolas, the columns with their adornments, the galleries with their perspectives, the court-yards and the cloisters, force upon the mind profound meditations, and always express the genius of the age with its symbolical character. I admire greatly the Grecian architecture, its soberness, its severe simplicity, its infinite gracefulness, the facility with which it expresses great sentiments with small means, and attains to beauty without doing violence to form, putting a light frieze, squared, on four fronts of intercolumniations, the whole being in perfect harmony and proportion. I also admire the Romans, who placed, one over the other, three kinds of architecture in their monuments, as they placed one above another the three ages of history in their code of laws and in their civilization. And I shall never forget the great dome of the Pantheon, where paganism expired; nor the triumphal arches and magnificent gates of the new age of the world. Above all, the sentiment with which ancient art always inspires me is a profound admiration for simplicity of form, and for a resemblance to Nature in expression. But this enthusiasm for ancient art does not prevent me from doing justice to all the bold and striking beauties of architecture. Nothing is more illiberal than the exclusiveness of art. The architects of the past age—those destitute of refined taste—in their great dislike of the Gothic succeeded in erecting some grand buildings, not such as could speak to the imagination, but dumb, severe, rigid with all the stiffness of death. There are styles of architecture distinguished by the knowledge they express, by their complete subjection to the laws of harmony and proportion—such are the Greek and the Roman. Over these centuries have passed, and other things more destructive than ages, the unthinking and devastating rage of men; but that has been unable to prevail against their imperturbable strength and stability. Doubtless there are architectures distinguished by their expression, such as the Oriental and the Gothic. Venice appears in Granada, because Venice has an exclusive and suitable architecture, born of her peculiar historical circumstances, and representative of the ministry exercised by her between the East and the West. In like manner the people of Granada, always preserving that Moorish character which arrived at perfection in the mosque of Cordova, approached the Gothic; the Venetians, pro-

serving the Byzantine and Gothic styles, general in the middle ages, flung over them like a golden veil the rich jewels of the East. Thus Venice has created this series of monuments that are the wonder of wonders by their variety and their riches. If you go and examine them with Vitruvius in your hand, with the rules of Vignola in your mind, taking with you a square and compass, submitting them to a rigid mathematical examination, demanding from them a blind obedience to the laws of proportional harmony, ready to feel indignant if you see a gallery supported by iron-work, or a heavy column placed upon a slender one, as if ridiculing the general principles of gravity—if you see that a mass of marble weighs like a mountain over the delicate tracery of a light aerial gallery—if you place mathematics over all and above all, you do not appreciate those edifices of the middle ages that, above all and before all, place the wealth of expression, the riches of greatness—far-fetched and hyperbolic, perhaps, but at the same time extremely beautiful. Whenever the arts unfold themselves, they strongly influence their surroundings. Venice is a magician, who obliges artists to follow her, and impresses her kiss of fire on their foreheads. The artists of the fifteenth century built severe edifices in Rome, at the same time that the florid Gothic expanded its open-work roses in all Europe as the first flowers of the April of the Renaissance; and the Venetian architects, at the end of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth, when the classic art had subdued it, without failing to follow it, crowned the friezes of their monuments, the cusps of their towers, the roofs of their palaces with ornaments and enameled chisellings, always of the Oriental and Venetian character.

Let us go then and look at Venice. Our gondola glides over the Grand Canal, the waters are of an emerald green, the heavens of a turquoise blue, the banks of sand are tinged with gold, the houses on the neighboring islets are bright and many-colored, and the marble churches are so transparent that they look like churches of crystal; the sun gilds all objects with its rays. The beauties of Nature, and the soft breeze perfumed with the aromas of spring, with the saline exhalations of the sea, fresh and invigorating, invite you with their voluptuous caresses to the infinite joys of existence. We have time to admire this Grand Canal, which the Venetian painters reproduced in all manners, from the dawn of the school with Carpaccio to its extinction with Canaletto, and have impressed indelibly on the retina of the lovers of art. It is easy to see with a rapid glance that, from the heavy Byzantine buildings to the more elegant structures of the sixteenth century, and from those of the sixteenth century to the motley edifices of the decadence, in company with all kinds of Gothic constructions, ornamented with Syrian and Arab garlands, the history of the art is displayed in two broad marble walls on one and on the other side of the canal, illumined by the reflections of the water and by the tints of the sky.

In every town you first look for a monument or point whereon to fix attention. In Seville, the Cathedral; in Granada, the Al-

hambra; in Cordova, the Mesquita; in Rome, the Coliseum; in Naples, Vesuvius; in Pisa, the Campo Santo; in Florence, La Piazza della Signoria; and, in Venice, the square of Saint Mark. We arrive at the foot of its magnificent flight of steps, we remain there in delighted astonishment; it is not possible to describe Venice. Our language has not words enough to paint so rich a picture. At least I cannot attempt it. One must see and feel and admire, and steep the eyes in those colors, and absorb that beauty in all the pores—and then be silent.

I must confide in the goodness of my readers, and hope they will excuse me for so ill describing this place. There is indeed a superb panorama before my eyes, and a feeble pen in my hand: In the first place, the lagoon, splendidly illuminated by the heavens, and the sun, which borders it with his rays. At the north is the mouth of the Grand Canal, with its rows of palaces. At the extreme right of the mouth is the marble church of Santa Maria della Salute, whose white cupolas are outlined wonderfully in the lustrous air. Before the church, elevated on a graceful tower, is a great sphere of gilded bronze, with an angel of dark bronze on the top. At the left side of the canal is a terrace, blooming with gay spring flowers and butterflies; near, is a little square and the palace of Sansovino, sculptured like a work of Cellini, and surmounted by a group of statues. The palace of the doge, at the other end, resting its mass of red-and-white marble on a double gallery of Gothic arches, interlaced by a capricious arrangement of oriels, and adorned at the upper part of the columns with Byzantine sculptures, which harmonize and mingle admirably with the diadem of sharp triangles and the airy belfry above. Before those two monuments, the two columns of Oriental granite, two colossal monoliths, and, above, the crocodile of St. Theodore and the lion of St. Mark, which seem to exhale hot breath from their open mouths. In the background, to the left, the Campanile, light and elegant as our Giralda, paved by a marvelously-sculptured tribune, and crowned by an angel standing on a point and raising his wings on high. Farther on, at the right side, the Basilica—Oriental, Gothic, Greek, Byzantine, Moorish—a mixture of all orders of architecture, an epitome of all epochs, its blue arches sown with stars, its columns of different-colored jasper, its statues, and its fantastic bell-towers; the four horses of Corinth above the door, mosaics of Venetian glass in the recesses, from the golden groundwork of which wonderful figures of all colors detach themselves; the cupolas above, small copies of those of Santa Sophia, like an apparition of Asia; and, in the vast proportions of that panorama, the Riva degli Schiavoni, filled with vessels, realized by the picturesque costumes of the Turks and the Greeks, by the great Venetian population continually passing in that wide street. Beyond, the isle of San Giorgio, with its church of red-and-white marble; the Giudecca, with its buildings of all the colors of the rainbow; San Lazzaro, with its Armenian convent, whose Oriental towers look like the curled sail of a huge vessel; the Lido, with its groves of trees, which touch

the lagoon with their branches; the nightingales filling the air with melody; the gardens like floating islands, or gigantic bouquets flung upon the water, all crossed by the blue stripes of the canals, all varied by colors, and gilded or silvered by the sand-banks, all diversified by the contrast between the white lateen sails and the black Venetian gondolas which glide around, all lulled by the waves of the Adriatic; the Alps, in the distant west, resembling an army of celestial pyramids, and, in the far east, like an eternal music, the wind which comes from the shores of Greece. It is unequaled in the world!

HOW LONDON IS GOVERNED.

FOURTH PAPER.

THE POLICE.

TWO most important elements in municipal government are police and the administration of police justice. The one maintains order and affords protection to life and property; the other provides for the maintenance of justice between the wrong-doer and the wronged, and for the punishment of delinquents for infractions of police regulations. The necessity for a careful system of both in a city like London need not be dwelt upon. Her population, which we have stated to be in excess of three millions, is nearly double that of Paris, over three times that of New York, five times that of Berlin, six times that of St. Petersburg, twelve times that of Amsterdam, and eighteen times that of Rome. Her growth is more than marvelous. Since 1849—but twenty-four years ago—not fewer than 248,697 new houses have been added to her already densely-populated area, forming 6,277 new streets, and seventy new squares, representing 1,111 miles in length; and, even at this moment of writing, no less than 3,600 new houses are being added to the foregoing. A population of 3,883,093 souls, living within a territory of 687 square miles—a "territory" which, while attracting within its boundaries the most enterprising, industrious, and wealthy of all countries, likewise attracts some of the most miserable, depraved, and desperate of the world's criminal classes—must require something more than a mere ordinary system of police to look after its affairs. What is the system of police within Metropolitan London?

The Metropolitan Police District is a circle of fifteen miles round Charing Cross, only deviated from in Middlesex so as to include the whole county, and this is divided into nineteen district divisions, eleven of which comprise the central and densely-populated neighborhoods, and the remaining eight are formed of the suburban and rural parishes beyond. The river Thames forms a twentieth division, having its own peculiar arrangements, but subject to the same central control. These divisions are formed into subdivisions, sections, and "beats," in order to adapt them to the peculiar organization of the force. Scattered over this large district are about 200 police-stations, in which the proper officers for receiving charges and cells for the reception of prisoners are provided; and in which, also,

are mess-rooms, cooking-rooms, reading-rooms, the proper offices, bedrooms, and apartments for the unmarried constables and superior officers. These stations, the largest and most important in each division being designated the divisional stations, are situated as far as practicable in the centre of the division or subdivision to which they belong, to facilitate the working of the out-door police duties, and equalize the distance each individual member of the force has to walk when his presence is required there; in all these arrangements parochial boundaries are disregarded, their preservation being found incompatible with uniform organization. The divisions—which are designated by the letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, and so on, A being the senior, or Whitehall Division; B, the second, or Westminster; C, the third, or St. James; D, the Marylebone, etc.—vary considerably in size, those most central being the smallest. The same applies to the subdivisions, sections, and beats; the latter, as is generally known, being the designation of that peculiar portion of ground intrusted to the protection of a constable. Thus, a division in the neighborhood of Piccadilly would not occupy a greater space than a section in the exterior; and a comparatively small street in the Clerkenwell district would require the exclusive services of a constable when, in the remoter district, at Wimbledon, we'll say, he would have to patrol a beat of many miles' extent. The total number of men borne on the books of the chief commissioners, as a police for the protection of life and property in this extensive district, including men of all ranks, is 9,748, comprising twenty-six superintendents, 261 inspectors, 974 sergeants, and 8,483 constables. Of these, four superintendents, forty-eight inspectors, 132 sergeants, and 915 constables, are employed in the royal dockyards and military stations, and ten inspectors, fifty-one sergeants, and 425 constables, specially employed by government departments, public bodies, and private individuals, at their own expense, leaving twenty-two superintendents, 203 inspectors, 792 sergeants, and 7,143 constables, for the police duties of the metropolis. The constables are formed into companies, or divisions, varying from 250 to 650 men, and are each officered by a superintendent, inspectors, and sergeants, the number in these latter grades varying necessarily with the strength of the division, these distinctions of rank fitting themselves to the subdivisions of the districts, as described above; thus the superintendent has a division, the inspector a subdivision, the sergeant a section, and the police constable a beat—individual responsibility being thus secured, and the men of all ranks made to undertake their allotted task in the preservation of public order.

Not including the city police (783 men), which is entirely distinct from the force we have been enumerating, and which is governed solely by the corporation of the city of London, the police of the metropolis is committed to the care of a chief commissioner, a veritable minister of police, and two assistant commissioners appointed by the government, the three being under the direct authority of the Secretary of State for the Home Department. The government also

appoints a receiver-general to make up all accounts relating to income and expenditure in connection with this service, and a body of special stipendiary magistrates (of whom we shall have something to say presently) to preside in special police courts provided in fifteen metropolitan districts, exclusive of two in the city. It is worthy of remark that the commissioners of police, the receiver, the magistrates, and all subordinates, are excluded from the electoral franchise, and none of them may take part in any election, or seek to influence the electors under a penalty of \$500 (of which one-half is given to the prosecutor, the other going to the funds of the departments), it being considered that the police should give protection and security to all citizens alike, without respect to party. The expense of the metropolitan police is provided for in this way. The state finds one-fourth of the whole sum required, and as to the other three-fourths, this is provided for by a special rate, or tax ("police rate"), levied on all the inhabitants of London in proportion to the annual net rent of the property they occupy, without being able to exceed eight pence in the pound of the rent liable to poor-rate, which we have shown (*ante*, Article III.) to be a general tax levied in all parishes, rather than a special tax of beneficence. The tax is compulsory at present, amounting to 6½d. in the pound, and it is levied by the chief commissioner distributing the rate among the parishes, giving the church-wardens, guardians of the poor, and overseers of a parish, due notice of what they are expected to pay, and these in their turn levy the tax upon the inhabitants. To give an idea of the rental value of the property in the metropolitan district on which this 6½d. is levied, we may state that, for the year ending the 31st of March last, it stood at \$106,517,620, and that the tax produced \$3,995,804, the total sum paid for the metropolitan police between the 1st of April, 1872, and the 31st of March, 1873, being \$4,774,253.

The government seems to be conscious of the responsibilities devolving upon the commissioners of police, in regulating the vast machinery necessary to secure the thorough efficiency of the metropolitan police force, for it pays the chief commissioner \$7,500 per annum as salary, \$1,500 a year for rent of a house, \$315 yearly for keep of a horse, and \$1,500 for twelve months' traveling-expenses. The assistant commissioners get \$4,000 a year each, \$1,500 each for house-rent per year, and \$750 a year for traveling-expenses. The receiver draws \$6,000 a year salary, and \$315 yearly for keep of a horse. As regards subordinate officers, superintendents receive from \$1,500 to \$2,375 a year each; inspectors, from \$500 to \$1,500; sergeants from \$400 to \$850, and constables from \$312 to \$400 annually. Clothing or a money allowance in lieu is allowed to all, and married men and those living out of stations receive fourpence weekly in lieu of coals; single men, living in stations, receiving forty pounds of coal weekly in winter and twenty pounds in summer. One superintending surgeon and one hundred district surgeons are provided for the whole force, paid according to the

area of the district they reside in, the superintending surgeon receiving \$3,000 per annum. Attached to the metropolitan police force is a system of horse-police, for patrolling outlying districts, and for regulating traffic in the overcrowded public thoroughfare, and also a detective force of 163 men, exclusive of officers; and it may be interesting to know that the total number of persons apprehended by the men of the metropolitan police for the last year was 71,961, of whom only about one-third were afterward discharged by the magistrates.

The city of London resisted the reform instituted by Sir Robert Peel in 1839, when he created a system of efficient police for the whole of London, and, after ten years of hard fighting with the government, it submitted to a compromise by permitting the Home Office to approve, or otherwise, of the appointment of a Chief Commissioner of Police for the city, who was to be nominated by the Common Council at the same time that they elected a commission charged with the administration of police affairs within the lord-mayor's jurisdiction. The cost of the city's police force, which we have stated to be 783 men, who are employed exclusively watching persons and property within the city, is borne, one-fourth by the corporation, and three-fourths by the inhabitants. The one-fourth of the expenses is deducted from the general funds of the city, the three-fourths are raised by a police-rate (now 6d. in the pound), the same as that levied in the metropolitan parishes, and by act of Parliament limited to 8d. The actual cost of the city's police for last year was \$405,527, not a large sum when considered by the side of the fact that nearly one million persons are known to be transacting business within the city limits daily, and that the city police are expected to keep free from obstructions the streets and main thoroughfares, over one of which has been known to pass in one single day as many as 23,498 vehicles.

Having thus considered, as far as the limits of this paper will allow, the organization of the police of London, who are expected to deal with the heterogeneous mass of roughs, thieves, and desperate characters which constitute the scoundrelism of great cities, we will now briefly consider the administration of police justice, which forms a very important, not to say interesting, element in the police system of London. There are fifteen police-courts (including two in the city) in London, presided over by one chief magistrate and twenty-three other magistrates, who are paid by, and the expenses of whose courts are borne by, the state, to which also all fines in connection with the administration of police justice are payable. The judicial duties of these stipendiary magistrates, who are all compelled to be barristers of seven years' actual consecutive practice preceding their appointment, are varied and onerous. They sit daily at ten, and they are expected to decide on the charges brought by the police before the courts of law, as well as on counter-charges brought by other parties against the police. A London police-magistrate is mostly the preliminary investigator of any criminal charge. Besides which, he

has an extensive penal jurisdiction, quite independent of such charges, with a power of imposing fines, from a few shillings up to hundreds of pounds, and in many cases of inflicting lengthened imprisonment, without fine. By far the greater number of cases that are tried at the Central Criminal Court in London by the judges of the superior courts of law, are first investigated in the police-courts, the responsibility being thrown on the magistrates of sending only those cases for trial in which they may consider there is a fair chance of a conviction against the accused, or where the charge is of so grave a character as to require a further investigation. They have the right of refusing bail absolutely, if they so see fit, and they may adjourn a case *de die in diem*, keeping the accused in custody the while, until they have decided whether or not the evidence will justify them in sending him for trial. The London stipendiary magistrates have also an extensive jurisdiction in civil matters arising from local acts, and exclusive in its nature; and they may also be called upon to decide questions involving the payment of wages or debts to the poorer classes. These magistrates are under the direct authority of the Secretary of State, and there is an appeal from their decisions to the Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster. As regards their emoluments, the chief magistrate, who always investigates important criminal cases in which the crown may be concerned specially, and whose court is at Bow Street, receives \$7,500 per annum, and the remaining twenty-two magistrates receive \$6,000 each. It may be mentioned that the greatest confidence is felt in the stipendiary police-magistrates of the metropolis. They are gentlemen of learning, most patient and thoroughly independent, and they yield to none in all that is requisite to constitute firmness and honesty of character. It is a very noteworthy fact that their decisions are rarely set aside on appeal, and that they exercise a most pains-taking, anxious part in the administration of the criminal law of England, may be gathered from the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, their committals for trial after preliminary investigation are followed by conviction by a jury.

In conclusion, it would be improper to end this article without saying something about the men who comprise the police force, of what, we may safely call in reference to this subject, united London. There is at our side, while writing this, a parliamentary paper, the "Report of the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis" for 1872, and there are certain facts in it which are worthy of record. Truly has it been written of the English capital:

"How rich, how poor, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is London!"

The centre of art, of intellect, and of industry, she yet remains the centre of misery, of poverty, and of vice. The miserable and desperate classes of London are almost equal in number to the population of many American cities. They include a multitude of beggars (every year, however, becoming less a disgrace to London streets through the efforts of the Charitable Organization Societies now

existing in every district of the metropolis, to remedy the evils of promiscuous charity), tramps, match-sellers, crossing-sweepers, rag-pickers, organ-grinders, prostitutes, and others, hanging on the outskirts of society, ready at any moment to become criminal. In the year 1871, 3,401 beggars were apprehended by the metropolitan police, of whom 2,052 were summarily convicted, or committed for trial by the police magistrates, and sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from one day to twelve months; 27 incorrigible rogues went to prison, and there were no fewer than 1,577 tramps convicted for tearing up their clothes, in order to get others at the expense of the tax-payers, and for other disorderly conduct in the workhouse. In the same year (the last for which any return has been made to Parliament), the police knew that there were at large, to prey upon society in London, 1,743 known thieves and depredators, who had been once or more convicted, and who were up to their "little games" again, after coming out of prison; that there were 113 known receivers of stolen goods, and 1,648 suspected persons at large, ready for any villainy that might turn up. There were 81 houses for the reception of stolen goods, the owners of which craftily kept just on the line of the law. And no less a number than 1,139 houses of known bad character existed, ready for any man to be murdered or robbed in, and for any other purpose in which crime might play a part. Of "unfortunates," or, more correctly speaking, prostitutes, for the creatures arrested by the London police are generally vile for villainy's sake, there were 75,404 apprehended, of whom 22,840 were convicted by the magistrates. And the number of persons subject to police supervision residing in London for having been convicted and sentenced for felony, reached 2,158. The activity of the London police may be estimated by the number of summonses issued on their application. The numbers in 1871 were 13,471, and the convictions upon them were 11,732, a sufficient evidence that the applications were fully justified. When such are the numbers of the criminal classes, who are in a state of constant war against society residing in London, living by plunder, and by every act of dishonesty that may "turn up," the wonder is, not that the number of felonies against property should be so great, as that London should, after all, be one of the safest places in the world to live in. This is mainly due to the honesty, the vigilance, the steadiness, the activity of the London police, in the first place, and to the admirable system under which they work, in the next. They are governed by competent men, versed in every subject connected with the repression of crime, which men are men of education, and gentlemen (generally military men at one period of their lives) well versed in the maintenance of discipline, and accustomed to exact obedience, and to be jealous of the good repute of the men under their care. The men themselves—and we can confidently appeal to any reader of this who happens to have been brought into communication with the London police for confirmation of this statement—are carefully selected, well conducted, and efficient,

and, following the example of a very illustrious personage who visited London the other day, the writer would add: "When he speaks of the English police, he takes off his hat."

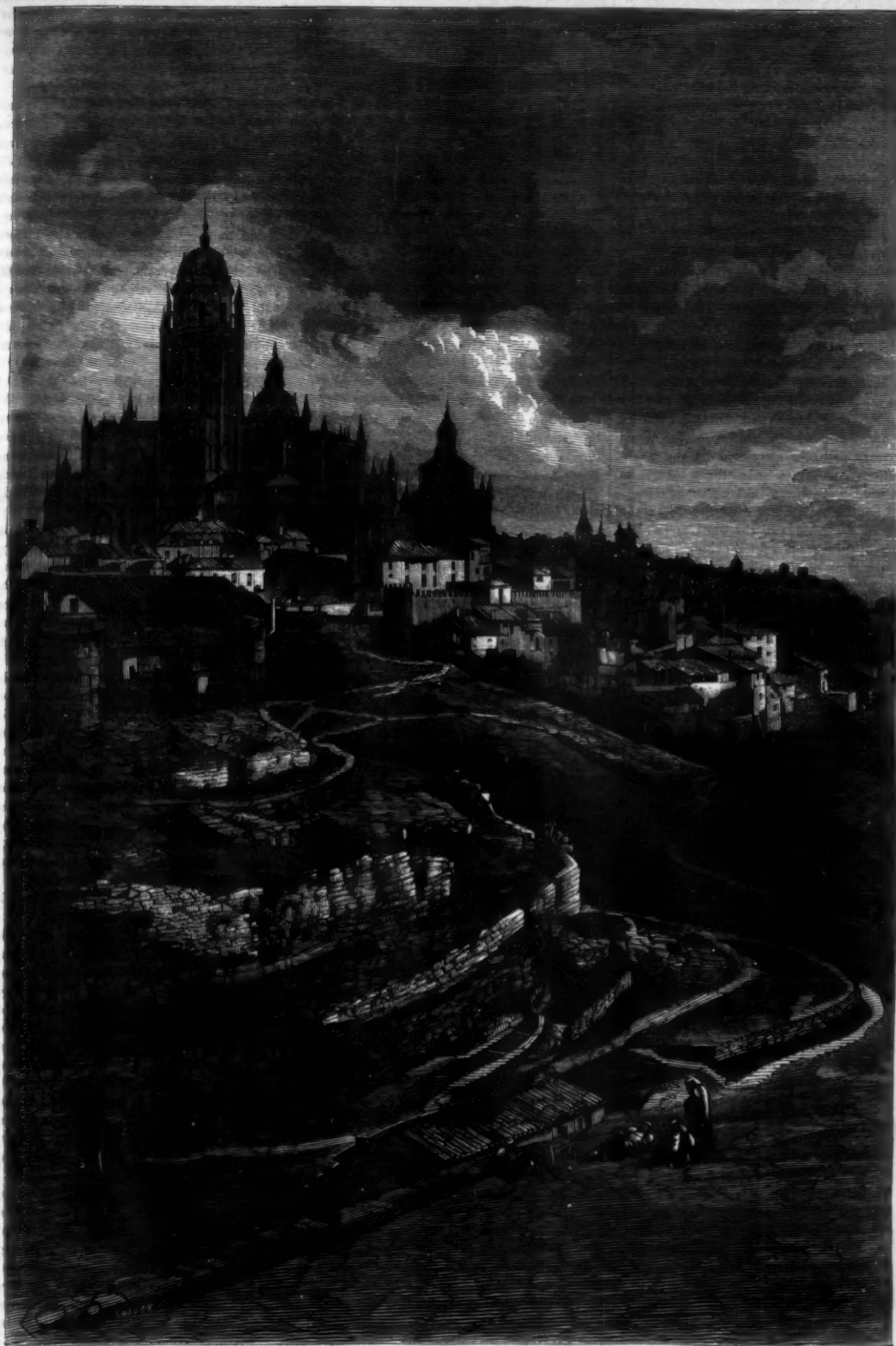
CHARLES E. PASCOE.

SEGOVIA.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

THERE are few cities in Spain that have at all periods of the history of the Iberian Peninsula played a more conspicuous and important part than Segovia, the capital of the province of the same name, in the district of Old Castile. In the wars between the natives of the country and the warlike Carthaginians, in the days when Rome ruled supreme all over the then known world; in those dark and bloody times when, after the downfall of the Cæsars, the barbarians of the north swept down in irresistible masses upon the fair states of the south; and, later, when the crescent made its appearance from Africa, and bade defiance to the cross and to Occidental civilization; during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; when Spanish power had become so great that the sun never set in the dominions of the yellow flag of Charles V. and Philip II.; during the terrible Peninsular War, when Iberian patriotism and devotion proved too much for the colossal military power of Napoleon I.; during the long and gloomy Carlist troubles, which have devastated Spain at intervals for nearly forty years past, Segovia has always been one of those towns for the possession of which both contending parties have struggled hard and shed their most generous blood; and only recently, but for the vigilance of the republican governor of Segovia, the city would have fallen into the hands of one of the Carlist chiefs, an event which would have placed Madrid at the mercy of the insurgents.

To the traveler, no matter from which side he may approach the city, Segovia presents a most striking and picturesque appearance, which is rendered still more impressive by the bleak and almost utterly treeless condition of the surrounding country for many, many miles. Segovia stands on a long, rocky knoll, at the confluence of the Eresma with the turbulent rivulet Clamores, forty-five miles northwest of Madrid, and at an elevation of thirty-three hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is surrounded by dilapidated old walls, with round towers, and has long, narrow, irregular streets, lined with quaint, old-fashioned houses. In effect there are few towns of any importance on the Peninsula where the type of the life of the sixteenth century is as perfectly and as strikingly preserved as at Segovia; and, sauntering through its streets, the tourist would not be in the least surprised if, all of a sudden, there should step up to him stately *Aldalcos*, clad in the costume of the period immortalized by the pena of Cervantes and Lope de Vega. Above the meeting of the waters rises the ancient Alcazar, or Royal Palace, on the summit of the cliff. At one time this Alcazar was one of the most remarkable and exten-



SEGOVIA.

sive castles in Spain, and Charles V. was in the habit of saying that, if he should invite his German vassals to visit Spain, he could do no better than to lodge all of them, with their numerous attendants, in the Alcazar of Segovia. But, unfortunately, on the 7th of March, 1675, a fire broke out in the immense structure, and, in the course of a few hours, its larger portion was laid in ashes. The destruction of the library and picture-gallery, both of which contained a great many priceless treasures, was deplored at the time by educated men throughout the world. Prior to the conflagration this noble building must have presented a most striking appearance. It was visible at a distance of many miles, and, erected as it was upon the bold projection above the narrow valleys of the Clamores and Eresma, at an elevation of nearly four hundred feet above them, it looked, with its minarets and pointed turrets, like a huge ship with numerous masts. For hundreds of years the Alcazar of Segovia was the favorite residence of Saracen and Christian kings, and, even after it had ceased to be the abode of royalty, and been converted by the Spanish Government into an artillery-school, its former magnificence could be easily recognized by the rich mosaics of the floors, the gorgeous decorations of the walls and doors, the beautiful frescos on the ceilings, and the superb gilding of the tall windows. During the above-mentioned conflagration, one of the greatest literary curiosities, the famous astronomical tables of King Alphonso the Wise, were also destroyed.

The cathedral, a most imposing edifice, is one of the largest and finest in Spain, and the last of those built in the pure Gothic style. It was begun in the year 1525, on the side of the old cathedral, which had been almost wholly destroyed in a popular rising in favor of the Reformation. The tower, which is three hundred feet in height, commands a magnificent view of the plateaus of Old Castile. The interior is sumptuously decorated, and is rich in paintings by some of the most eminent Spanish and foreign masters. But, by far the most interesting erection about Segovia is the ancient aqueduct, one of the noblest monuments of Roman architecture, and supposed to have been built in the time of the Emperor Trajan. It conveys water to the town from the Rio Trio, near the town of Ildefonso, as that of the Eresma River is not only difficult of access, but, moreover, any thing but wholesome. That part of the aqueduct which is raised on arches is two thousand nine hundred feet in length, and consists of two tiers of arches, built of huge granite blocks, and joined together without cement. The height at the centre, where the elevation is greatest, is one hundred and two feet. This great work is in very good preservation, and, for simplicity, grandeur, and utility, is well worthy of the highest admiration. In the twelfth century, when the Arabs conquered Toledo, after an heroic defense, some of the arches of the aqueduct were destroyed, but they were restored a few years afterward, under the supervision of Fra Pablo Dechoas, a Hieronymite monk, and since then all the arches have become blackened in such a manner that the difference in the time of con-

struction cannot now be distinguished. As in other instances, the great aqueduct of Segovia seemed to the common people too vast and stupendous an erection to be the work of human hands and human ingenuity. In the superstitious eyes of the multitude, during the dark ages, it was attributed to the Evil One, and the aqueduct was popularly called "*El Puente del Diablo*" ("The Devil's Bridge").

Besides the edifices already mentioned, Segovia possesses numerous churches, a mint (the coinage of which was once celebrated all over the world, but where now only copper is coined), various schools, a picture-gallery, theatres, various hospitals, etc. It was formerly a very prosperous town, and at one time had a population of upward of one hundred thousand persons, and there are even now, amid its ruins and picturesque decay, many evidences of its departed grandeur. In the middle ages, and even down to the days of Miguel Cervantes, the city was called "*La fuerte Segovia*." Segovian courage, according to the old Spanish proverb, was said to be better than the best Toledo blade. Segovian society was renowned for its politeness; and kings and emperors dressed in the superb woollen cloths manufactured by the skilled weavers of Segovia; and a famous tragedy of the dramatist Don Juan Rinz de Alarcon, who was born at Mexico, and who died in the year 1639, at Madrid, was entitled "*The Weaver of Segovia*." But all this splendor passed away with that of the whole country. The decline of Segovia was not very rapid, but steady, until the French, during the Peninsular War, inflicted upon the city a blow which came wellnigh blotting it out altogether. It was in the year 1808. The Segovians bade defiance to Napoleon, who at once sent his marshal, the Duke de Belluno, against them. Upon the appearance of the French army, the Segovians, well aware that resistance was not to be thought of, opened the gates of their city to the invader, who, without any pretext whatever, ordered the place to be sacked. The French soldiers, most of whom were under the influence of liquor, rushed like madmen through the streets, massacring the population, destroying the most valuable works of art, and threatening to apply the torch to the narrowest and most exposed streets, which would have inevitably led to the destruction of the whole place. For two days this disgraceful reign of terror lasted. Thousands of human lives were sacrificed, and property valued at twenty million dollars was destroyed. The French held Segovia until 1814, and, when they were finally compelled to leave the city, the Segovians wreaked a terrible revenge upon their tormentors, by assassinating sixty-two French officers. At the present time the population is about fifteen thousand. Since the overthrow of Queen Isabella, its importance has rapidly increased.

RUSSIAN MARRIAGE-LORE.

THE popular poetry of Russia is as intimately connected and associated with the home-life of her people as was the "*Iliad*" or the "*Odyssey*" with the military career of the Grecian heroes. This assertion seems es-

pecially true when referring to those customs and traditional habits which the occasion of a betrothal, or of a marriage, or even of a funeral, forcibly recalled to mind, only to be as rigidly observed by all participants there in.

Until very recently the English student of folk-lore has had very meagre opportunities at his command of pursuing his researches in the literature of the eastern empire of the Continent of Europe; much less in the social life of its people and their ritual songs—many of which are relics of pagan worship or mythical doctrine—that still live in the memories and upon the lips of the Russian peasantry. The labors of Tereshchenko, Ruibnikof, Morfill, and Ralston, have paved the way for a new field of investigation, and it is to these eminent philologists that we are indebted for whatever of value or interest attaches to the present article.

Although folk-lore is prized by the few, it never fails of interest to the many. While skimming over the vast and ponderous mass of popular poetry, we have thought it worth the while to choose for our readers so much as relates more particularly to the incidents and customs attendant upon the sacred festivities of the marriage-feast.

And, first, what constitutes the peculiarity of a Russian marriage-feast? Let us suppose a case, to illustrate. Like the youths and maidens of other lands, they have probably met each other for the first time, at a party-gathering, or *besedyas*. Chance acquaintance has ripened into friendship, which, in turn, has, naturally enough, culminated in that "true love" which "runs deep"—at least, proverbially. And now begins the proceedings of the match-making, or *svodnie*, always conducted by the lover's father or god-father. At night, he, with other attendants belonging to his household, approaches the abode of the fair damsel, knocks at the door, and is admitted. The host bids them to be seated. "Not so!" replies the leader of the party; "we have not come to take seats with you, neither to eat and drink, but to ask in marriage. We have a brave young spark; you have a pure, fair maiden. They are in love: shall they be united?"

The parents of the girl acknowledge the compliment. The evening meal is spread, and all sit down together. At length, consent is given, which is generally followed by the lamentation of the maiden. She dreads to forsake family and friends; sooner would she consent to lead a minion's life than go to tempt the fortunes of a "fair young bride." After tears comes repentance, the old love comes back, and the match, all propitious, is concluded. The tidings of the engagement are spread abroad; and soon the young people come together to celebrate the feast of betrothal.

The party of the bridegroom has arrived, and the mistress of ceremonies has provided the table with bread and salt. The girl, adorned in wedding-apparel, including the *faid*, or veil, is brought in state to the table where the guests are seated. She is escorted by two other girls; and, as the procession nears the table, a youthful chorus opens with songs of a fitting character, one of them relating, perhaps, how—

"The nightingale flew
To the coppice green,
To the birch-woods bright,
To a spray, without heeding,
The nightingale flew.
That spray so alluring,
That verdure enchanting,
The nightingale pleased,
The songster delighted;
He will not depart from it now."

The *treinyatsky*—or chief of the bridegroom's party—asks that the bride may be unveiled. The request is granted, and a round of applause follows. The bridegroom now fills two glasses with wine, and hands them to the loved one. She passes them first to her own relatives, and then to those of her intended. After a brief invocation by the mistress of ceremonies, the bride sits down upon a bench, while the women deplore her early departure "to the land of strangers." Sadly and tenderly sings the bride:

"No leisure have I to be sitting here,
To be talking and chattering.
The season for work has come,
The mowing-time and the haymaking."

Another round of glasses and of singing is followed by the *poruchénie*, or the "act of betrothal."

Rubnikoff says that the essence of this act "consists in this, that the bridegroom, having lifted a glass of liquor to his lips, should take the hand of the bride and press it," the former, of course, taking care that the movement be as graceful and prince-like as possible.

One of the most beautiful of customs now follows. The whole company are alive with enthusiasm, and every thing goes on as merry as the hours are long. A casket of presents is brought in, which the bridegroom, after receiving it, hands over to the bride. She, taking it, retires to one corner of the room, but immediately brings it back, at the same time remarking that the key does not accompany the box. The bridegroom unlocks the casket; and the bride, while examining the presents, returns her thanks in a song:

"Wherefore, O young son of thy father,
Hast thou given me a coffer of metal-work?
No priest's child am I,
No deacon's child am I,
But the child of a simple peasant."

With this proceeding the festivities of betrothal conclude; a blessing is pronounced, and the party of the bridegroom retires.

The next joyous occasion—setting aside a few private gatherings intervening—is known as the "girl's party." It occurs on the eve of the wedding. The bride's female friends assemble to enjoy a last "good time" together, and to inspect the wedding-dresses and gifts. It has already grown dark, and the candles are lighted. The party arrange themselves around a table, on which are placed bread, cake, and salt. The bride occupies the highest seat.

The reader must here be told that, in Russia, unmarried girls wear their hair hanging in a long, single plait, adorned with ribbons, and sometimes with flowers. An old writer remarks that "this plait, called *kosa*, is a maiden's chiefest ornament, the cherished object of her care, the principal source of her girlish pride. Its unplaiting is a sign of the

change which is coming upon her, for married women do not wear the *kosa*."

During the unplaiting, one of the girls begins to sing:

"Oh, my plait, my plaiting,
My dear plait,
Ruddy and golden."

Another replies:

"Early is it to unplait thee,
And for the long journey.
The long one to prepare thee."

The tresses having been combed out, the bride sings:

"Not for gold do I mourn,
Nor mourn I for bright silver.
For one thing only do I mourn:
For the maiden beauty
Of my ruddy *kosa*."

To this a friend replies:

"Weep not, weep not, dear Prascovia,
Make not unhappy the fair maidens,
Stain not with tears their white faces;
Nor break the strength of their hands;
Not forever shall we remain unmarried,
Singing of our maiden freedom."

The girls now commence to replait the *kosa*, while a chorus sings:

"O thou, my dear, my ruddy *kosa*!
O thou, my dear, my silken *kosmiz*!
Do thou plait, O my bride,
Plait thy braid ever so finely,
Tie the knots ever so tightly."

The bridegroom's brother or most intimate friend enters the room, and begins bidding for the *kosa*. He endeavors to seize hold of it, but the girls bravely repel him. The bride's brother, or some one else deputed for the purpose, is besought for assistance. The girls sing:

"Stand to it, brother!
Brother, hold out!
Sell not thy sister
For a ruble, for gold."

The brother replies:

"Dear to a brother is a sister,
But dearer still is gold!"

and, winning his point, the *kosa* is finally purchased.

The bride's *krasota*, or hair-ornaments, are then divided among the girls. Supper is served, after which all retire for the night. The marriage-day dawns; and the songs which will be sung are equally the dirge of maiden fancies and maiden freedom, and the carols of a new life.

Early in the morning the bride leaves her chamber, and awakens the inmates of the house by her sobs and lamentations. Addressing a married relative, she asks, "What is the parting like?" And this is the response:

"Hard is it to part
From one's kith and kin;
From one's father and mother;
Hard is it to become awont
To another family,
To another father and mother."

After breakfast, the bride is arrayed in her wedding-attire, and her hair is plaited for the last time. Meanwhile, the bridegroom and his friends assemble in the house. They beg that the bride may be brought to them. Placing some copper coins in a bowl, they offer them to the bride's relatives. A prayer to God is rendered; the bride enters; the bridegroom places one hand upon the

bride's head, and with the other turns her around three times, "as the sun goes," and kisses her. Other ceremonies of an unimportant character follow this latter proceeding, in several of the Russian districts.

The company—after the bride has received her mother's blessing—depart to the church, for law and custom will not permit home-marriages. The manner of conferring this blessing is always uniform. The mother takes down from the wall the sacred picture, and, holding it before her daughter, pronounces the maternal benediction. Of the many poems which refer to this custom, we select the following:

"Mátushka! what is that dust on the plain?
Sudárninya! what is that dust on the plain?
My child, the horses have galloped about,
My darling, the horses have galloped about."

"Mátushka! guests to our court-yard have come,
Sudárninya! guests to our court-yard have come.
My child, do not fear, we will not give thee up,
My darling, fear not, we will not give thee up."

"Mátushka! now they are mounting the steps;
Sudárninya! now they are mounting the steps.
My child, do not fear, we will not give thee up,
My darling, fear not, we will not give thee up."

"Mátushka! into the house have they come;
Sudárninya! into the house have they come.
My child, do not fear, we will not give thee up,
My darling, fear not, we will not give thee up."

"Mátushka! at the oak table they sit!
Sudárninya! at the oak table they sit!
My child, do not fear, we will not give thee up,
My darling, fear not, we will not give thee up."

"Mátushka! down has the picture been taken!
Sudárninya! down has the picture been taken!
My child, do not fear, we will not give thee up!
My darling, fear not, we will not give thee up!

"Mátushka! see, they are blessing me now!
Sudárninya! see, they are blessing me now!
My child, may the Lord be ever with thee!
My darling, may God be ever with thee!"

The ceremony which takes place in the church is very short and simple. Over the heads of the bridegroom and bride the groomsmen hold crowns, taking the utmost care that they do not fall upon or even touch the head of the latter, for, in that event, the company would surely deem it an ill-omen. The young couple support wax-tapers in their hands, until the nuptial benediction has been pronounced. The priest places the wedding-rings on their fingers, and, having bound the hands of the couple together with a piece of white linen, leads them around the reading-desk. Three sips of wine—for love, fidelity, and truth—and a kiss, and the ceremony is over. The bridal party repairs to the house of the bridegroom, where the festivities are continued through several days in succession.

The foregoing description comprises, briefly, the leading particulars peculiar to a Russian marriage-feast. In some of the provinces the ceremonies differ, not, however, in the observance of any one custom, so much as in the omission of some and the addition of others. The tenacity with which the people cling to these old observances is something remarkable. The expense usually incurred varies from twenty-five to forty dollars, or, in Russian coin, from thirty-five to fifty-two rubles. This sum, small as it may seem in these days of luxury and extravagance, is often severely felt by the poor peasants. Fathers, having marriageable daughters, will often toil hard from "sun to sun"

merely to accumulate the tiny amount requisite for such an occasion; and, failing in their efforts, will yield consent to their daughters to contract "run-away marriages."

The old Slavonian definition of a woman is too characteristic to be forgotten, namely, "a living broom or shovel." From this explanation one is led to suppose that the fair sex were not held in very high esteem in the earlier days. An industrious daughter was a valuable possession to hard-working parents; and too often the latter scoffed at the idea of losing the youthful servant. The girl was, indeed, little more than a born slave; her husband purchased her, and thereby became her legal owner. A large number of songs exist which convey a very clear idea of the manner in which the old Slavonians used to treat their daughters.

"Where hast thou grown up, Kaliunshka" (kalissa being the name of the guelder-rose), "that thou hast become so slim and tall, and that thy foliage has spread so widely?" asks one of the stanzas of a Galician song. And the response is: "In the meadows beside the fountains, beside the cool waters, away from the wild winds, and from the scorching sun."

"Where hast thou grown up, O maiden, that thou hast become so beautiful?" "In my father's house, in the pleasant shade."

The same gentle and romantic sentiment which breathes in some of the great Russian songs, is also felt in the corresponding utterances of the other Slavonic nations. In one of the Moravian songs, a mother, who is vexed at her daughter's readiness to get married, depicts a very appalling picture of the husband who is awaiting her. "Yes, I choose the rose-blossom for myself. That betrothed of mine is dearer to me than all the world beside," replies the innocent but earnest girl. During earlier periods the Boyar women were kept in utter seclusion, and were allowed only a small amount of what is termed "maidenly freedom." This almost imprisonment was a custom borrowed from the merchants of the Orient. Rarely could a lover catch a glimpse of his future wife before the nuptial ceremonies had been concluded. But this despotic sway over the rightful privileges of a chaste affection has wholly been done away with. At the present day, young people meet at social gatherings, become acquainted, not unfrequently fall in love, and finally get married, without any restriction whatever. The "old, old story" is repeated in a pleasanter manner; and, on this account, many specimens of marriage-lore which originated in the early days have lost their wonted application, and are now valuable only as historical relics of past tradition.

Girls now possess and exercise the right of choosing their own husbands. In this choice, peasant-girls are less restricted than those of the nobility. Even among the Slovenes, "who are said still, as of old, to call their young girls 'shovels' and 'brooms,' and among whom a bride is obliged the day after her marriage to do all the menial work of the household herself," even among this people, a maiden is seldom forced to wed an entire stranger. In Russia, as in many other lands, a husband naturally claims a life-long su-

premacy over his wife; but, oftentimes, he allows her the pleasure of supposing the supremacy to be *vice versa*. The heathen Slavonian took a very low view of the social status of women, as we have already observed; and, reasoning from this fact, one might well suppose that the idea of a wife's supremacy over her husband were impossible.

However, the views of married life taken by the fair sex vary with circumstances. Some of the *after-marriage* Russian songs are fraught with a mournful sentiment, while others are poetical and breathe forth the true essence of happiness, as witness our last quotation:

"Little did I, the young one, slumber at night,
Little did I slumber, but much did I see in sleep.
Just as if in the middle of our court-yard
There grew a cypress-tree,
And another sugar-sweet tree;
And on the tree were golden boughs—
Golden boughs, and boughs of silver.
Then spake the head of the household, the master:
'I, my soul, will explain to thee thy dream.
The cypress-tree—that is I who am thine;
The sugar-sweet tree—that is thou who art mine.
And the boughs on the tree are the children, who
are ours,
Our children, dear children.'"

GEORGE LOWELL AUSTIN.

SONNET.

THOU strange and subtle sorceress! we name
THE IDEAL! from thy haunts of fairy mist
Emerging, thou dost keep immortal trust
With all fair powers whose souls are air and
flame:
Yet, canst thou likewise glorify Life's tame,
Heart-wearying levels; by thy magic
kissed,
Its dreariest deserts bloom with amethyst,
And purple splendor, whose weird changes
claim
Our charmed wonder!—from low, trivial
things,
Our soul's Medea doth evoke bright forms,
And breathe through discord music; angel-
wings
Seem budding from the shapes of mortal
love,
And the fierce threatnings of our spiritual
storms
Grow peaceful as mild murmurs of a dove!

PAUL H. HATNE.

MISCELLANY.

THE PERSIANS AT HOME.

By FRANK BUCKLAND.

AS public attention is now concentrated on the Shah of Persia, the officers of his suite, and the Persians in general, and as there is little or no current literature about Persia, some little information about its inhabitants and productions may be acceptable. My information is not, of course, from personal observation, but is derived from two folio volumes in my library. This book is more than one hundred years old. The title is, "The Universal Traveler; or, a Complete Description of the several Nations of the World. By Mr. Salmon. Printed for Richard Baldwin at the Rose in Paternoster Row. London, MDCCCL." By reference to Johnston's splendid maps,

one sees at once that Persia is an immense place. I believe it is about double the area of France. It is also highly interesting to us, inasmuch as the paradise of Adam, without doubt, was situated somewhere on the confines of Persia, in the valley of the Euphrates, somewhere between Bagdad and Bussorah. This has, I think, been fairly made out by that wonderful book, "Adam and the Adamite." Mount Ararat, I see, is also in Persia; but whether this was the Mount Ararat upon whose peak the Ark took the ground I cannot tell.

Let us now put Mr. Salmon in the witness-box. He tells us that the air of this country would be very hot if it were not for the mountains. No dew or moisture falls during the summer, and in the winter it rains but seldom. The inland provinces are healthy, the south of Persia not so. There are sixteen provinces.

The Persians have a very amiable character, of a very polite and engaging behavior, men of great honor, very brave, and of hospitable, benevolent tempers, profuse, and affect grand equipages, and a numerous retinue of servants. They are moderately tall, have good figures and complexions, except in the south, where it is too hot. The married ladies tie their hair back, and bind a broad ribbon round their temples, set with jewels, like a coronet; large eyebrows are thought to be very beautiful. They are very fond of pearls. (Probably the fashions have now changed.)

The liquor usually drunk is water or sherbet cooled with ice. They are very fond of horsemanship and archery; a golden cup is set up to be shot at. When the riders have passed the cup at full speed, without turning the horses or stopping, they bend their bodies and shoot the arrow backward at the cup. Their hounds do not run by the scent, but they have large greyhounds that hunt by the sight. They have hawks and eagles bred up to fly at game. The hawks fasten on to the head of the hunted animal, and buffet his eyes with their wings. Taking deer with eagles is a famous sport. They do not fly these birds at wild-boars. They drive the game, wolves, foxes, deer, hares, antelopes, wild-pigs, into a small compass, where strong nets and fences are set.

Of the products of the country, we learn that the soil is naturally very rich. The ancient Persians, who were worshippers of fire, were obliged, by their religion, to cultivate the ground; the Mohammedans neglected husbandry and buildings, as they are more soldiers than farmers.

They grow wheat, rye, rice, and barley. Camels and horses are fed on barley-paste made into balls. The dates are very fine. They have also pistachio-nuts, oranges, lemons, almonds, olives, etc. Nectarines and peaches sometimes weigh fifteen to sixteen ounces each; the apricot (called the "Egg of the Sun") is most delicious both fresh and preserved; they have also mulberry-trees, senna- and plane-trees. Many trees yield aromatic gums, and manna, and other spices; cotton-trees are common. The gardens are highly cultivated; they contain tulips, jonquils, pinks, lilies, violets, and vast quantities of roses. Poppies are cultivated for opium. The useful animals are camels, which will carry eight hundred or a thousand pounds weight; dromedaries that will travel two hundred miles a day at a steady trot. Many articles of dress are made of camels'-hair. The horses are well proportioned, and light and sprightly; they feed them on barley, never hay. Their shoes are made of thin plates.

The Persian sheep have tails that weigh from eight to ten pounds; they have six or seven horns; the rams fight terribly with them.

They have no wild beasts in the middle or south of Persia, having very little cover for them; but in the Hyrcanian forests, near the Caspian Sea, there are tigers, leopards, wild-hogs, and other beasts of prey. Pigeons abound; one of their dove-houses would make five or six of ours; there are several thousand of them in Ispahan. Their partridges are very large. The pelican is called *tacoh*, or water-drawer.

There are few rivers, therefore few river-fish, except in the Kur and Arras, which run into the Caspian Sea. In the gulf of Persia there are good sea-fish, and an important pearl-oyster fishery in the estuary of the Tigris. There are no gold or silver mines; but copper, lead, and iron mines exist. The most valuable jewel produced is the turquoise.

The looms of Ispahan yield rich silks; the gold or silver does not wear off or tarnish; their gold velvet is much admired; their finest carpets are mixed with silk, and far exceed those of Turkey. The embroidered leather exceeds any thing of the kind. The housings of the saddles are generally embroidered, as well as the gentlemen's clothes. Gold-wire drawing, and stone-cutting, and setting, are well understood. The work of the tailors is exceedingly neat; the gentlemen's clothes are made of rich-flowered and broad-clothed silk. Their carpets are made by tailors. The making of earthen-ware is brought to great perfection—much beyond the Dutch ware, and very nearly equal to China.

Their forces are mostly cavalry; their horses are quartered upon the peasants, who are at liberty to use them, provided they keep them fit for service when they are called out. The cham, or viceroys, musters both men and horses several times in the year, and sees that they are in good order.

The king's title is *shah*, or *patshaw*, the "disposer of kingdoms." They add also the title of *sultan*, and of *cham*, or *cam*, as it is pronounced.

The person whom the Turks call the prime-minister is here styled the *atamadoulet*, or "the support of the empire." When any one addresses him, he is styled *Vizier Asem*. No set of state of the king's is in force until countersealed by the vizier.

The *divan begli*, or *bey*, is "the next grand officer;" he is president of the supreme court of justice. The *mirah*, or "lord of the waters," is an officer of very great power, having the distribution of the waters from the rivers and aqueducts to every man's fields and garden. They have a lord-treasurer, lord-steward, master of the horse, great-huntsman, and lord-chamberlain, who is always in personal attendance on the king. There is a *cham*, or *chan*, in every province of the kingdom, appointed by the viceroys.

The standards and colors of the Persians have usually some passage of the Alcoran, or their "Confession of Faith," wrought in them, with the picture of a lion, and the sun rising over his back. (I see this standard now hoisted in many parts of London.)

Bakers and cooks are punished by the *bastinado*, or the pillory-board is hung round their neck, for defrauding the people and false weights. The *bastinado* consists of blows on the soles of the feet, not less than thirty, nor more than three hundred. (I wish the shah would introduce this custom into London.)

The treasurers send annually an account of their respective provinces. The learned language in Persia is Arabic, in which the Alcoran, and all other religious books, and those of morality, physics, and philosophy, are written. The Turkish language is spoken at court. They have twenty-eight letters in their alphabet, all consonants. The accents are properly their vowels. They have no stops, commas, or paragraphs, in their books; but, when they enter upon a new clause, begin with a great letter. They write from the

right hand to the left, directly opposite to our way of writing. Learning flourished in Persia long before it did in Europe.

I find that there is so much more interesting matter in "Salmon's Universal Traveler," that I should propose to continue these remarks next week. I trust that what has already been written will be of use to many who doubtless, during the next two days, will have opportunities of adding their mite to the national welcome which England and her queen now give to the reigning monarch of such a great and important country as Persia. —*Land and Water.*

MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.

It may be as well to attempt to give a definition of married happiness as it is sometimes comprehended and pursued in its highest form across the Channel. It is not always quite the same condition. It not unfrequently implies, among the educated classes, a ceaseless employment of intelligence and skill, such as we rarely know of here. The mass in France, of course, acts like the mass elsewhere; it takes life as it finds it; it "lets it rip," as the Americans say. It seeks no improvement; it crawls on with what it has. But there is a theory of marriage which some French men and women understand and realize—a theory which not only leads them to distinguish the highest uses to which the married state may tend, but which enables them to detect the means by which those uses can be reached. In cases such as these, the life which two lead together becomes a constant, ever-growing pursuit of forms and shades of happiness which are beyond the thought, and even beyond the faculty of comprehension, of the crowd. The basis of their practice rests on the wise precept, that as our longings, our necessities, and our fancies, change with time and age, and with position, too, the attempts we make to satisfy those longings and those fancies should vary their nature and their character in sympathy with the modifications which occur in the object to be attained. What pleases us at twenty, begins to lose its charm at thirty, and wears us at forty. And if this be true of men, it is truer still of women, who, as a natural result of the home-life they lead, are fatally condemned to aspire after variety of in-door emotions, because they can find none outside. The husband who has studied the philosophy of home happiness, who has entered marriage with a true sense of its dangers and its powers, will not wait for his wife to manifest fatigue; from the first hour of their common existence he will begin to teach her that the tie between man and woman cannot preserve its vigor and its first eager truth unless the elements which compose it are skillfully replaced and thoughtfully renewed as they successively wear out and gradually cease to produce their old effect: he will try to show to her, while she is still in the enthusiasm of early wedded joy, that happiness, like all other states—and, perhaps, even more than all the rest—is, by its very nature, but a passing, transitory condition; that what gave it to us yesterday may fail to create it for us to-day; that the sympathies which seem to us so ardent and so durable in the inexperience of our beginnings, will be but fading brightnesses if we do not watch over each fluctuation of their aspects, each faint symptom of their change. Young wives may hesitate when first such theories as these are laid before their astonished eyes: it causes pain to their earnest fondness of the moment to be assured that, according to the laws of probability, that fondness will not last unless new nourishment, new starting-points, new stimulants be provided for it as years pass on. But when once they have grown accustomed to the argument—when once they have been led

to an appreciation of its unvarying and universal application—then, if they do love their husband truly, they become his active aid, his convinced coöperator in the delicate but inestimable labor of maintaining, in all its strength of origin, of developing to its fullest growth of perfectness, the first object of their united life—joint happiness.

And yet examples seem to indicate that frequently women do not possess the faculty of understanding the profound utility of this crafty handling of their lives; when once they have really grasped it they are capable of contributing to the result with even more power than men; but their appreciation of the necessity of the effort is often sluggish, and, as a rule, they have to be dragged to it either by entreaty or necessity.

The general tendency of wives—in France as elsewhere—is to regard happiness as a vested right, as a natural fact, as a permanent condition, as a self-sufficing, self-maintaining state, which ought to go on and last because it has once begun. Most of them violently revolt the first time they are asked to own that married happiness may be, on the contrary, and by its very essence, the most ephemeral of all short-lived creations. They take man's love as a property and a due; they fancy that it is the husband's duty to keep up that love without any special aid from themselves; they let themselves be loved, but they do not help love to last; as Johnson said, "They know how to make nets, but not how to make cages." In cases such as these—and, unfortunately, they constitute the majority of experiences in all lands—there is small hope of permanent contentment: if the husband is ignorant enough—as indeed the greater part of husbands are—to view the case exactly as the wife does—to imagine that he can leave the future to take care of itself, and to allow the early rush of mutual satisfaction to struggle to its end, without providently preparing, in good time, the elements of the second act of married life, then he reaches the usual emptiness and disappointment in ignorance of the causes which have produced them, and ends by regarding them as a natural consequence of matrimony. But if he is a thinking man, if he has given some of his attention to a calculation of the conditions necessary for the conservation of home delight, then he does indeed suffer if he finds himself tied for all life to a woman who is incapable of helping him to attain, by mutual labor and mutual watchfulness, that rare but admirable result—permanent and increasing joy in marriage.

In France there are certainly a good many people who rise to these higher views—who look on marriage as a serious occupation, which requires absorbing thought—who ceaselessly endeavor to improve its form, and to lift its consequences and its products above the level of humdrum existences. And often they succeed. Now success, in such a case, implies that they distill, from contact with each other, a degree, an elevation, a thoroughness, a perpetuity, and a reality of happiness which less able and less careful manipulators of home-life are incapable of producing. They show us what skill and science can elaborate from ordinary sources; they show us the height of satisfaction to which we are capable of climbing, in the relation between man and wife, if we will but regard that relation as a plant to be sedulously cultivated, and not as a weed to be left to combat unaided for existence. Many an example might be given in support of this rough indication of what marriage may be when it is rightly understood. In the higher ranks of French society there are men who merit to be called professors of the art of happiness; who have analyzed its ingredients with careful fingers and scrutinizing eyes; who have consumed their experience of means and ends;

who, like able doctors, can apply an immediate remedy to the daily difficulties of home-life; whose practice is worthy of their theory, and who prove it by maintaining in their wives' hearts and in their own a perennial never-weakening sentiment of gratitude and love. But, alas! these cases are exceptions. Most French people content themselves, like their neighbors in other countries, with rumbling carelessly through marriage, making no attempt to improve it, and not even suspecting that it is capable of improvement. And yet, thanks to their light, laughing natures, they generally keep clear of gloom. They bring into married life the bright cheeriness which is so frequently an attribute of their race; they stave off worry by *insouciance*; they support annoyances with a coolness which in their case is not indifference, but which, to an unpractised foreign eye, looks so singularly like it, that it is difficult at first to fix the point where calm patience appears to end, and indifference seems to begin.

There are, however, contradictions in abundance to this rule of quietly supporting cares. Frenchmen have sometimes in their character so many of the faults which elsewhere are supposed to be the property of women only, that they are capable of growing fidgety and nervous to a scarcely credible degree; and woe to the unlucky wife who stumbles on a husband of that species!—he wears her out with teasing. Gentle and affectionate as the men ordinarily are, there are some among them who are absolutely intolerable at home. Luckily, they form an infinitely small minority; otherwise it would be nonsense to pretend that French marriages, on the whole, are happy. The evidence which can be collected by listening to opinions, including ill-natured scandal in all its forms, tends certainly to show that, according to their impressions of each other, most Frenchmen are singularly forbearing toward their wives; they do not make the most of them—that effort is limited to the rare examples which were alluded to just now—but their habit is to treat them with much softness, with constant consideration, with deference and courtesy. They generally come together, in the origin, without much passion, or, indeed, much love; the conditions under which their marriages are arranged make that fact easily comprehensible; but love does grow up between them in nearly every case, and they end by feeling for each other an attachment quite as real, as thorough, and as deep, as we find in countries where other systems are in use. It is far from easy to discover really unhappy marriages in France; here and there are isolated instances, evident to every one, for they have terminated in voluntary separation; but the testimony of society, and particularly of the women, who are not more charitable toward each other in France than they are in other lands, in no way indicates any multiplicity of failures. The impossibility of divorce creates a strong motive for mutual concessions, with the object of soothing away asperities, and of rendering obligatory companionship supportable, if not agreeable. As for absolute infidelity, on either side, it is now so rare that it is often possible to look round a large circle of intimate acquaintance without being able to point out one example of it. This assertion may seem absurd and false to that large group of English people which, though in total ignorance of the facts, grows up, lives, and dies in the contrary conviction—but the assertion is strictly, literally true. The marriage-tie is vigorously felt in France: husbands and wives cleave there to each other, and do not now seek for illicit joys, whatever some of them may have done in days gone by. Indeed, they point to England at this moment as the country which produces palpably the largest amount of conjugal irregularity, and quote in proof, with

bitter justice, the shameless details of the Divorce Court which are given in our newspapers. We have grown accustomed to this odious publicity; habit blinds us to its dangers and its indecency; but if we could hear foreigners talk about it—if we knew the impression of disgust which it creates in France, where the rare cases of co-responsibility are treated criminally, and are always pleaded with closed doors; where husbands do not receive money-damages for their wife's dishonor—we should perhaps be led to recognize that, in this question, we do not offer a satisfying spectacle to Europe, and that we have lost all right to throw stones at others. We are unable to judge ourselves on such a subject; we must submit to the verdict of lookers-on; and a very painful one it is for us to support.—*Blackwood.*

AN IRISH EXCURSION.

LIMERICK.

Here we are at Limerick station—a sadly dirty one; the ticket-collector, a young lad in a ragged coat, the porters seedy and out-at-elbows. I have seen dirty third-class carriages in England, but those on the Ennis and Limerick line beat them hollow in dirt as well as in discomfort. The company, I am told, is insolvent. If Government buys up the Irish railways, as it ought to do, I hope it will set the people a better example in this matter of cleanliness. The steamer does not start for three hours. "Here, your honor, I'll take your luggage down, and you'll see it on the steamer all right when you come," cries the roughest and most tattered of the roughs who are waiting about. Was I right in trusting him? The event proved that I was; but I felt a few qualms as I reflected that a ticket-porter would have been safer if more prosaic. In his own country the Irish rough very rarely steals. Over here he does, I am sorry to say, a good deal in that way; less, though, than he gets credit for. At Dublin and Waterford you are boarded by a set of wild-looking pariahs, who seize bags, boxes, etc. "Ain't you afraid to let those chaps come on board?" asked an Englishman of our Waterford captain. "Not I. If I was in London or Glasgow I would be; but here I never heard of any one losing a ha'porth."

Of course I heard many stories about this energetic Orcadian. Some I must not tell; but it can do no harm to say that I was told he came into Limerick with five-and-sixpence in his pocket, and made his first "hit" by shirts for Australia. Then came the contract for army boots, all of which were returned on his hands. He, undismayed, went to London strong in his integrity, got them re-examined, and triumphantly proved that they were rejected through favoritism. Then he undertook the army coats; and now he employs eight hundred and fifty people, not counting the shop men and women at the big store.

Limerick is undeniably dirty. I have given you a reason why it should be: both Englishtown and Irish town offer an endless succession of old-clothes shops, rag and old-iron shops, and pawnbrokers, with their windows iron-grated in Continental style. I never saw so many old clothes before. The Dublin "Liberty" and the streets round St. Patrick's are bad enough; but there, at least, there are the traces of better things. Streets as good as Dean Street, Soho, have there gone down to the level of Seven Dials. In the "Liberty" you can still see the workshops where the "Edict of Nantes men" made the tabinet and poplin. But Limerick has no signs of past prosperity. One book compares it to the Ghetto; if this is true, I'll take care to give the Ghetto a wide berth when I go to Rome. Another says it is like old Rouen, which statement I take leave em-

phatically to contradict. One thing struck me: at about every fifth door stood one or more very clean milk-pails. I tried, and can vouch that the label "sweet milk" was thoroughly deserved. What "Lyons bread" may be, which I saw placarded in all the bakers' shops, I had not curiosity to try. A tourist might easily leave Limerick without seeing either Irish or English town. All the best part of the city lies in the suburb called Newtown Perry; it is dreary and respectable. "George Street, of which the Limerick people are very proud, is wide and well built—a cross between Bedford Row and High Street, Borough. The shops are remarkably good: in an excellent stationer's, where I bought an ordnance map of Clare, I found an old woman comfortably sitting by her basket of raspberries. "We do let her be here, sir; it keeps her out of the heat, and her customers know where to go look for her." I saw several instances of this. At Kilrush the custom was extended; there the "front shop," in more than one instance, sheltered a privileged beggar. Let me here bear testimony to the kindness of a Limerick shoemaker: I had been walking a good deal, and in one of my shoes sole and upper were unmistakably parting company; so, into McSwiney's shop in William Street I walked. He mended the shoe, but resolutely refused payment. "But that I saw you were stranded I'd not have done it; we do none but our own work. Indeed, sir, you must not offer to pay me." The Irish shopkeeper never fails in courtesy, save sometimes through excess of patriotism, like the Dublin optician of whom I once asked change for a sovereign, and who, instead of saying, "I've got no spare silver," began to vituperate that very useful coin: "What do we want with sovereigns? Haven't we got our own pound-notes? Would you give me change for one of them if I was in England, now?" To which home-thrust I had to yield, for not a week before my Irish notes had been summarily rejected at Crew. My optician, however, relented, which the Crew people did not.

Lace? I'm sorry to say very little is made now. If you wish to do the place a good turn, young lady, order your wedding-veil there. At Cruise's you can still get the real thing. The gloves, too, for which the place was once famous, are now scarcely known. And the Limerick lasses? Well, the beauties must have kept out of the way when I was there: of course, they had fine figures, but the faces were mostly harsh. The number of sickly-looking people was very great; inflamed eyes seem as common as in Egypt. It is sad to notice here, as in Wales, the gradual degradation in costume: all the old women have those white caps which contrast so well with their dark shawls; the girls wear nothing but nets—often on such woefully dirty heads. Of course, plenty of them go barefoot, and are none the worse for that. An Islington cockney, who talks of Canonbury Tower as if it was a grand antique, and who writes "A Walk Round Ireland," seems astonished that a bareheaded stockless lassie should be modest. Out on the fellow! he is only less ridiculous than "able editors" who get hints for Irish legislation out of books like his. Irish faces are certainly more expressive than English. You never see here that crudelity, actually placid, yet full of potential cruelty, so common across the Channel. In Limerick, above all, the features are painfully mobile; the crowd is like a Parisian crowd—unhealthy, ill-nourished, overwrought. One evening I walked on the quays among a crowd, whose quiet, orderly ways contrasted strangely with the behavior of Bristolians of the same class. Their voices were harsh, but their manners were courteous. Yet, I was told that there is a great deal of drinking in Limerick; that

the spirit-sellers are nearly all Roman Catholics (my informant was a Protestant); and that the result is "a stream of silent misery which the little help of the Christian brothers never reaches." Drink or no drink, they are as courteous as Continentals, i. e., in their courtesy they are no respecters of persons. A ragged street-urchin came into a post-office and called out, "What hour is it now, please sir?" The grand clerk turned round, looked into another room—there was no clock in sight—and replied, "What hour? it's just half-past nine." I wonder what answer a London "arab" would get if he dared to interrupt one of those very supercilious young gentlemen at St. Martin's-le-Grand?—*Belgravia*.

ART IN THE HIGHER ALPS.

Many years since Mr. Ruskin expressed a hope that some first-rate artists would attempt to paint snow, not in its winter aspect and somewhat vulgar expression of dull and cruel opposition to life—but as it is seen under warm light. "Its curves are of inconceivable perfection and changeableness; its surface and transparency alike exquisite; its light and shade of inexhaustible variety and inimitable finish, the shadows sharp, pale, and of heavenly color, the reflected lights intense and multitudinous, and mingled with the sweet occurrences of transmitted light. No mortal hand can approach the majesty or loveliness of it, yet it is possible, by care and skill, at least, to suggest the preciousness of its forms and intimate the nature of its light and shade: but this has never been attempted; it could not be done except by artists of a rank exceedingly high, and there is something about the feeling of snow in ordinary scenery which such men do not like. But when the same qualities are exhibited on a magnificent Alpine scale, and in a position where they interfere with no feeling of life, I see not why they should be neglected as they have hitherto been, unless that the difficulty of reconciling the brilliancy of snow with a picturesque light and shade is so great that most good artists disguise or avoid the greater part of upper Alpine scenery, and hint at the glacier so slightly that they do not feel the necessity of careful study of its forms." The critic might have added that few artists have constitutional strength for the necessary studies at great heights, and still fewer have the courage to face unpopularity and pursue Beauty that holds forth empty hands to her votaries. The English public is timid. It seldom buys according to its own sense of truth and beauty, which, indeed, is hardly capable of walking without leading-strings. We all know how artists are kept to styles and subjects in which they have made a notorious "hit," and so they turn round and round in their "professional fairy-land," a land of impossible effects, tricks of color, *fictiles*, and general unreality, that could hardly have existence were it not for the complacent know-nothingness of our moneyed cognoscenti.

Yet for a' that and a' that, there is an increasing class to which the ice-world of the Alps, the summer plesance of Europe, is an ever-flowing fountain of awe and delight, and the first true painter of its beauty cannot surely fail of that greeting without which possibly art has little right to exist. As yet, unhackneyed and undebased by ignoble association, the wilderness lifted midway to heaven between the three great countries—France, Germany, and Italy—surely merits the touch of art. The value of the Alps, and especially of their wilder recesses, as a place of spiritual retreat from the bustle and discord of the European plain, is yearly more felt. Different powers, both of soul and body, are brought into play in these desert places, and if the

conceit be admissible, it may be said that the Edel-weiss is but typical of the white thoughts that blossom for those who climb the heights and rejoice in them:

"... since to look on noble forms
Makes noble, through the sensuous organism
That which is higher."

But it is allowable to sympathize with the first despair of the artist when he confronts the multiplicity in unity which meets him at every turn of these vast prospects. The serried pines that hang like a mantle on the mountain-spurs, even the crowding blossoms eagerly pressing up the slopes, confuse by their multitude, that is always, however, subservient to the upper height and its impression on the imagination. The clear atmosphere forbids the aid of smudge and scumble, and requires sleight of drawing not easily or hastily acquired. Truth cannot be sacrificed to expediency without such miscarriage of art as has befallen even Calame, the chief master of the Swiss school. Yet, in this *sacrum sanctorum* of purified delight in beauty, unhappily the traveling artist, even of the better sort, eager to "do something" that will give vent to his first gush of admiration, falls into the picturesque, worst enemy of Alpine art. He clothes the scene with Scotch or Welsh air, caricatures the yellow gleams on pastures of the middle height, puts brown water in glacier-brooks, and highland mosses to strengthen his foreground, and invents another studio landscape, only less composed and balanced than the average. Swiss scenery, in its ordinary expression on the walls of our picture-bazaars, is a pain, and the genius has not yet come who can combine perpetual snow and foreground cultivation as is commonly attempted.—*St. Paul's*.

THE BRONTES AS POETS.

Of the little volume of poetry written conjointly by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, and published before their prose works, there is not much to be said, except that it might teach a lesson to some of the poets of the present day, that the best inspiration, after all, is to be derived from contact with Nature herself. Many of these verses are not only Wordsworthian in their simplicity of expression, but also in their reverent feeling for the Great Teacher of all true poets. They are rills which spring from the best source of inspiration, and, while they do not lose the idiosyncrasies of their respective authors, are all imbued with intense love of outward beauty, and breathe of the native heath upon which they were in most part written. The poems which bear traces of the highest flight of imagination are undoubtedly those of Ellis Bell. Her genius here attains a more refined expression, without losing any thing of its power. In several instances she has surrounded an old subject with new and delightful interest, and even where her choice has fallen upon more sombre subjects, the originality is so great that we are lost in admiration, and enter fully into the theme, glad of the new thoughts even when the old theme, *per se*, has no charms for us. Among the many fine things which have been said of Memory, where are there four lines which concentrate so much regret as are found embedded in this utterance?—

"I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain:
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I taste the empty world again?"

This was no maundering of a simply sentimental spirit, but the outcome of a soul that had suffered, and had not lost its strength, though a deep sorrow encompassed it, and obscured its vision. There was not the light that shone in the old days, and the regret that

has overtaken many a heart formed a truthful and fine utterance in one who was gifted with a power of expression beyond her fellows. But the last lines which this wonderfully-gifted woman ever wrote strike us as being specially noteworthy. They are an address to the Deity: space fails us to quote them all, but as a specimen of their strength we may give the following:

"Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts; unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest paths amid the boundless main.

"To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine infinity.

"Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes cease to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

"There is not room for death,
Nor atom that His might could render void;
Thou, Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed."

We will not stay to investigate the theology of this passage, but as a specimen of poetic vigor it is well worthy of reprinting. The poems of Charlotte Brontë strike us as being the least excellent in the collection. Correct as they are in sentiment and expression, they lack the emphasis to be perceived in those of her sisters. The probability is that, while Emily and Anne Brontë would have attained considerable eminence as poets, Charlotte would have wasted her powers on a branch of literature to which she was not quite adapted. In the case of Emily, the brief, decisive, epigrammatic form of expression suited her genius just as the devotional cadence suited that of Anne, but Charlotte had better scope in a more didactic and extended style. One spirit breathes through the poems of Acton Bell—that which animates the trembling suppliant appealing to Heaven. They are all a single cry couched in different but exquisite language, the cry of a dependant for guidance by a sovereign hand. The moods may differ, but the substance of the soul's aspiration is the same, and there are few sweeter religious poems than that which contains the last thoughts and wishes of Acton Bell. The verses are so well known that we refrain from reproducing them; but they may be taken as a good illustration of the spirit which animated the author, and form a touching farewell to a world in which she could never be said to have been at home.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

LETTER TO A SOLITARY STUDENT.

Isolated as you are, by the very superiority of your culture, from the ignorant provincial world around you, I cannot but believe that marriage is essential to your intellectual health and welfare. If you married some cultivated woman, bred in the cultivated society of a great capital, that companionship would give you an independence of surrounding influences which nothing else can give. You fancy that, by shutting yourself up in a country-house, you are uninfluenced by the world around you. It is a great error. You know that you are isolated, that you are looked upon and probably ridiculed as an eccentric, and this knowledge, which it is impossible to banish from your mind, deprives your thinking of elasticity and grace. You urgently need the support of an intellectual friendship quite near to you, under your own roof. Bachelors in great cities feel this necessity less.

Still remember that, whoever has arranged his life independently of custom, runs a peculiar risk in marriage. Women are by nature

far more subservient to custom than we are, more than we can easily conceive. The danger of marriage, for a person of your tastes, is, that a woman entering your house might enter it as the representative of that minutely-interfering authority which you continually ignore. And let us never forget that a perfect obedience to custom requires great sacrifices of time and money that you might not be disposed to make, and which certainly would interfere with study. You value and enjoy your solitude, well knowing how great a thing it is to be master of all your hours. It is difficult to conciliate solitude, or even a wise and suitable selection of acquaintances, with the semi-publicity of marriage. Heads of families receive many persons in their houses whom they would never have invited, and from whose society they derive little pleasure and no profit. De Sénancour had plans of studious retirement, and hoped that the "douce intimité" of marriage might be compatible with these cherished projects. But marriage, he found, drew him into the circle of ordinary provincial life, and he always suffered from its influences.

You are necessarily an eccentric. In the neighborhood where you live it is an eccentricity to study, for nobody but you studies any thing. A man so situated is fortunate when this feeling of eccentricity is alleviated, and unfortunate when it is increased. A wife would certainly do one or the other. Married to a very superior woman, able to understand the devotion to intellectual aims, you would be much relieved of the painful consciousness of eccentricity; but a woman of less capacity would intensify it.

So far as we can observe the married life of others, it seems to me that I have met with instances of men, constituted and occupied very much as you are, who have found in marriage a strong protection against the ignorant judgments of their neighbors, and an assurance of intellectual peace; while in other cases it has appeared rather as if their solitude were made more a cause of conscious suffering, as if the walls of their cabinets were pulled down for the boobies outside to stare at them and laugh at them. A woman will either take your side against the customs of the little world around, or she will take the side of custom against you. If she loves you deeply, and if there is some visible result of your labors in fame and money, she may possibly do the first, and then she will protect your tranquillity better than a force of policemen, and give you a delightful sense of reconciliation with all humanity; but many of her most powerful instincts tend the other way. She has a natural sympathy with all the observances of custom, and you neglect them; she is fitted for social life, which you are not. Unless you win her wholly to your side, she may undertake the enterprise of curing your eccentricities and adapting you to the ideal of her caste. This may be highly satisfactory to the operator, but it is full of inconveniences to the patient.—*Hamerton's "Intellectual Life."*

FEVER ON THE AFRICAN COAST.

Next to sea-sickness, fever is perhaps the most facetious of diseases; it always comes on like a practical joke. A. B. on a certain evening is in unusually high spirits; his imagination is active, he feels inclined to exercise his brain, and begins to write a long letter home, saying, among other things, that he has not had the fever yet, and does not think he will. But, somehow he finds it difficult to settle down to his task for any length of time. Conversation is more to his humor: he becomes excited in the course of it, drinks a little, goes to bed, sleeps with difficulty, has

a series of dreams, and awakes, feeling any thing but well. He does not eat much breakfast, but thoroughly enjoys his cup of tea. At twelve o'clock he is seated with his friends in the piazza, suffering like themselves from the intense heat. Presently he puts on his coat, he gives a shudder, he becomes pale, his features shrink, his hair bristles up, his nails turn blue. He is taken off to bed, blankets are piled upon him, hot-water bottles are applied to his feet, warm drinks are poured down his throat, but the bed shakes with his shiverings, and his teeth chatter so loudly that they can be heard across the room; he is transported to the arctic regions. Suddenly he is whisked back to Africa, and then from Africa into the hottest room of the hottest Turkish bath that ever was invented. The cold stage is over, and the hot stage has begun. Putting your hand on his forehead is like putting it on a stove. Often a delirium intervenes. There is always an agonizing thirst, which should be freely indulged with fresh lemonade, or with cold water, if nothing else is to be had.

Then comes the grateful stage of resolution. The pores at length open, and shed an abundant and refreshing rain on the surface of the skin. The paroxysm is over, and the patient feels himself weak, but otherwise as well as before. Let us suppose that he does not cut the fever, as it is called. The next day passes; the feebleness about the knee-joints is departing; he believes that he has nothing more to fear. On the day after that, he is again on the piazza; it is again the sultry hour of noon; he is again imbibing his favorite beverage and smoking his cigar; and again comes that mysterious shudder; again he is alternately iced and roasted like the souls in Dante's "Inferno;" and so on indefinitely, unless the usual medicine be administered—viz., Peruvian bark in the compact form of sulphate of quinine.

The African fever is exaggerated ague, and is chiefly dangerous from repetition. It gradually weakens and depraves the system, preparing the way for other diseases, and sometimes creating complaints of its own. No precautions can save the resident from fever, but a well-regulated life can certainly diminish the frequency and virulence of the attacks. The mid-day sun and the night air should be avoided, the clothing should be warm and the diet generous; for an empty stomach is an open sepulchre, and the policy of total abstinence is doubtful. Many awful cases of teetotallers prematurely carried off are cited on the Coast. On the other hand, temperance is essential to health; whatever in England would produce a morning headache, or a state of nervous debility and languor, will in Africa be attended with very serious results. Occupation is the best preventive. I have remarked, that the busiest men are those who suffer least; but no one, I repeat, entirely escapes, and no one enjoys in Africa that elasticity and buoyancy of body which is felt at home. Women almost invariably lose their beauty; children almost invariably lose their lives.—*Winwood Reade's "African Sketch-Book."*

THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

In a recent article the London *Spectator* describes a curious plate, published in Paris, and containing photographs of every member of the College of Cardinals, from whom the next pope will be chosen. It says: "They form a group to an outside observer singularly unlike the popular impression of the Conclave, being usually simple old men, with handsome, gentlemanly features, and very moderate brains. Several of them are extremely learned. Asquini, for instance, hav-

ing been Wiseman's rival and friend in the schools, while Petra is a monster of erudition, especially in Oriental Church history, rites, and liturgies, points on which Rome is incessantly called to decide by flocks of which no one hears, and in languages Mezzofanti scarcely knew. There is no one among them with a head quite so intellectual as Father Newman; no one with the true ascetic face of Dr. Manning; no dreamer, unless it be Bonaparte; no real Torquemada, though Cardinal Patrizi, the inquisitor-general, and a favorite candidate, has much of the stupid severity natural to that character. There is but one strong aggressive face, with the fighting peasant underneath its steadiness (Cardinal Cullen); but one physically bad face, Cardinal Vanicelli Casoni, who looks like a turf man of the lower grade; and but one who would be taken for an English bishop, Cardinal Amat di Santo Filippo e Sorso. There are but three who surpass the usual type, Cardinal Monaco de Valletta, a superb face (Archdeacon Grantley etheralized); Cardinal Bonaparte, exactly like the first Napoleon seminarized; and Cardinal Riario Sforza, the strong but imaginative man who would, it is said, if elected, shake Europe, as he has already destroyed the municipality of Naples, by declaring for the democracies of earth, as against its kings. His face, with its steady eyes, clear-cut features, and broad, determined chin, is that of a man who could have wielded the temporal power and made Rome safe. Protestants, however, if these photographs are good, need not tremble. There are no poets, and but two men of genius here, Riario Sforza and Bonaparte, and neither will come to the top."

ANECDOTE OF JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Northern New York, gives some interesting incidents connected with Joseph Bonaparte's residence in America. He owned a large tract of territory on the borders of the Wilderness, whither he used to repair during the summers between 1820 and 1830 for sport, and the people in that vicinity still entertain visitors with reminiscences of his hunting-excursions. Here is an anecdote which the correspondent vouches for as authentic: On one of his journeys from tide-water to his northern retreat, the count (the ex-king was known as the Count de Survilliers) and his retinue stopped for breakfast at a wayside inn on the Mohawk, kept by a thrifty Dutchman. The landlord knew who his guests were, and bestirred himself to furnish good entertainment. The meal over, as the party was about to proceed, the count's secretary brought him the report that the extravagant charge of one hundred and twenty-five dollars was made. The items were demanded, and, after putting down a round price for every thing provided both for men and horses, the items footed only fifty dollars. The Dutchman was in a quandary. Like some other and later landlords, he intended to graduate his charges by the abilities of his guest to pay; and, knowing that the guest could pay, he was not the host to abate any thing. While he puzzled over the bill, the count again called impatiently from his carriage for the items. The landlord desperately scored down a few words, and sent the bill back by the secretary. The count glanced at it, and found that under the charges, amounting to fifty dollars, the following had been added, "A dam fuss, seventy-five dollars." His sides shook with laughter as he read it; and he said to his secretary, in French, "The fellow deserves that, and more, for his wit and impudence. Give him five hundred dollars."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THACKERAY is reported to have said that he did not know where he got all the rascals from that he introduced in his books, for he certainly had never lived with such characters, nor met with them in his experience.

There is a great deal of significance in this confession. Thackeray was somewhat cynical, and was inclined to make depreciative judgments of people. If such a man was obliged to resort to his imagination for pictures of depravity, we may justly derive from this fact a very hopeful estimate of the average character of men and women.

There can be little question that the whole army of villains so elaborately depicted in our fictitious literature have exercised a bad influence upon the imagination of readers. These delineations are probably not untrue to nature, but they are untrue to society and the ordinary facts of life; they consist of creatures transplanted from the criminal class into circumstances of social life where practically they are almost certain never to be found. The result is, to familiarize the inexperienced mind with crimes and vices which otherwise it would have no acquaintance with unless it went to the police records; and, in this familiarity, not a few evils are the consequence.

It is not necessary to point out how an impressive imagination may become captivated by the splendid iniquities of the brilliant villains of fiction. That men are far more often fascinated by the career of these characters, than warned by the fate that overtakes them, has often been remarked. But even with those who feel every repulsion for the imaginary villains of the novel, even with those whose hatred of wrong-doing is intensified by the elaborate example held up before them, there are numerous direct moral evils resulting from these pictures of vice. One of the most subtle and important is the cultivation of an unfavorable judgment of human character.

That all the world is united in believing all the world to be largely dishonest and greatly depraved is a strange fact in social history. Does this temper of mind arise from a detestation of vice so earnest that evil-doing is thrust painfully forward upon the observer's attention? Or does it come from an inward consciousness of the wickedness that, under a fair exterior, possesses every breast? Or is it largely hypocritical, evincing the secret selfish people feel in the sins and iniquities of their brethren? Whatever may be the cause—and no doubt it is complex, made up of many good and evil elements—the thing itself is an unfortunate, even a disastrous condition of mind (for out of it arise hosts of personal discords and even national wars), and hence we may well deplore the fact that

one of the most fascinating of arts so continually strengthens and cultivates the evil. Thackeray, great an artist as he was, would have been a far greater one if he had refused to admit into his volumes characters that he confesses he knew nothing about—characters offensive to every moral instinct, and which had no other authority for existence than the example of other novelists, or the revelations of the police-courts. It may be a very ingenious art that deals with these people; but it would be a higher art that contented itself with delineating the ordinary rather than exceptional phases of human nature. We all know what criminality exists in certain classes; what we complain of is the importation of this criminality into circles where in real life we commonly do not find it.

The novelist is eager to introduce villainy and villains into his work for the sake of contrast. His picture, he thinks, must have its darks; virtue must be rendered attractive by comparison with the wiles of the wicked. Unfortunately, the mawkish heroine as often repels us, on account of the over-coloring of her virtues, as the villain attracts by a courage and audacity that make the reader half ready to condone his faults.

But already in the novel, and also on the stage, the sharp contrasts of good and evil—the immaculate hero and the unqualified villain—are disappearing. And this fact may be hailed with genuine pleasure. A little later in the progress of the art our new Thackerays will not consider it necessary to import into their pages imaginary villains just for the sake of making a story. The complex thread of good and evil in every human heart will afford the material for the skill of the artist, and the time-worn scowl and other stereotyped paraphernalia of the dark-minded schemer will pass into the lumber-room of the past.

Let us hope to find in the novel of the future pictures of life without false shadows—delineations full of the relish of genuine human nature, having charming characteristics, and calculated to awaken honest, hearty, and generous impulses in every reader. We do not want the overdone sentimentality of Cheeryble brothers any more than the dark ways of Ralph Nickleby; we simply ask for delineations full of freshness, sweetness, and bloom. Books that give cheerful and captivating pictures of men and women are the best sort of moral instruments—they lift up the heart of man, make it kind and sympathetic, inspire it with glowing ambitions, make life seemingly to be worth the best purposes and the highest hopes, bring forward the nobler and the more generous impulses, and give to literature an influence wholly uplifting and excellent. When this wholesome novel of the future comes fully into existence, it will drive the dark crimes, and bad passions, and morbid dissections of the old fiction into the places where they legitimately belong, and the highest triumph of the art will be the por-

trayal of the felicities of life. When that time comes, the inexpressibly delightful characterisation of Rosalind or Viola, rather than the dark passions of Othello, or the bloody ambitions of Macbeth, will establish the models that art will delight in.

— In one of his recent speeches, Mr. Gladstone declared that Great Britain was creating wealth faster than any country on earth, with one exception. His exception referred to the United States. He might have added that this nation had two sources of the creation of wealth wholly peculiar to itself. The conversion of wild lands into arable farms is not so much an addition to our national wealth as a creation. Every year a wave of population, one thousand miles long and fifteen deep, extending from the Canadas to Mexico, passes on beyond the confines of the older States, settles down on virgin soil, and converts wild territory into the homes of civilization. Prior to its settlement, that land was worthless; once occupied, it averages two dollars and a half an acre. Here are sixty thousand homesteads of one hundred and sixty acres each, worth in the aggregate not less than one hundred million dollars, annually added to our national property. And this is only the beginning of the creation of wealth. The forest standing on those Western hills and prairies, financially worthless in its primeval state, becomes of great, recognized value when cut down and converted into houses and barns and implements of agriculture. And each year's cultivation of the soil, the steady growth of population, the intrusion of railroads, the building of towns and cities, rapidly swell the value of border-land from its original price of two dollars and a half an acre till it sells readily at ten, twenty, and fifty dollars an acre. This increase of property, owing to the increase of population, adds some five hundred million dollars a year to our real-estate valuation. But these wild lands are subdued by a population largely foreign; and this is the second source of the increase of wealth peculiar to this country. Every German, every Irishman, every Scandinavian, landing on our shores, is reckoned by statist as an addition to our wealth-producing power of at least one thousand dollars *per capita*. In the aggregate, and considered only as a source of wealth, they constitute an addition of four hundred million dollars a year to us, and a corresponding deduction of that amount to some part of Europe. Then, too, the production of our mines—the gold of California, the coal of Pennsylvania, the iron of Missouri—is nearly all creation, all pure profit over the expense of the miner. Missouri alone contains iron-ore sufficient to give the nation a million tons a year for the next two centuries.

And after the consideration of these three sources of national wealth comes the still greater growth of real and personal co-

tate by the excess of production over expenditure, mainly due to the power of labor-saving machinery. These varied sources of addition to our national wealth may be seen in their clearest form by a comparison of the wealth of the country in 1860, then estimated at fourteen thousand five hundred million dollars, with that of 1870, when it was thirty thousand million—an increase of one hundred and seven per cent. in a single decade. Some part of this growth is undoubtedly due to the more trustworthy census of 1870. But, making all due deductions for this cause, and remembering that the wave of immigration is increasing about thirteen per cent. a year, it is safe to say that we are to-day creating wealth by agriculture, by manufactures, by commerce, by savings, by immigration, and by the conversion of wild land into farms and towns and cities, at the rate of two thousand million dollars every year! And such a statement as this no other nation in the world has ever been able to make.

— Lovers of the good old names sanctified by centuries of use cannot but regret the fashionable affectation which prompts so many of our modern young ladies to disguise them with French terminations, or to discard them altogether in favor of some silly prettiness born of the familiarity of the home circle. Our Marys are all Maries, our Julias Julies, our Harriets Hatties, our Carolines Carries, our Sarahs Sadies, our Catherine Katies, our Susans Susies, and so on to the end, each fashioned after a common model, and adapted to that Gallic standard of beauty to which every thing must conform. Still more absurd are the meaningless pet names born of the nursery, the Dollies, the Pussies, the Minnies, and the Lillies (we have heard even of Bable used by a full-grown young woman), which, appropriate enough for children, in the affectionate privacy of the family, seem inconsistent with adolescence and long clothes. Minnie, it is true, is used as a diminutive for Mary, and Lillie for Elizabeth; but there is no reason for the former, and the latter is the diminutive of Lillian, if of any thing. If we must have diminutives of these names, which seems by no means a necessity, especially after a young lady has reached mature years, the good old English Molly and Polly for Mary, and Bosay, Betty, and Lizzy, for Elizabeth, are preferable to the affected French terminations. But our ladies would display better taste by discarding altogether, on taking their places in the adult world, the pretty nicknames and pet names of their childhood.

— In commenting on the projected marriage between the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand-duchess Marie Alexandrovna, the daughter of the Emperor of Russia, one of our journals remarks that it will be the "first alliance of the kind ever consummated between those two powers." This is literally true, yet not quite exact. A marriage once took place between the daughter of a King of England and a prince of Russia; but the king

no longer sat upon a throne, and his children were wanderers from their native land. Harold, the "last of the Saxons," who laid down his royalties with his life at Hastings, left five children, three sons and two daughters. According to Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian, one of these daughters, Gyda by name, went, on the downfall of the Saxon kingdom, with two of her brothers, into Denmark, where she met and married Jaroslav, called also Vladimir, or Waldemar, king of the Russians. He is supposed to have been the Grand-duke Vladimir Monomachus, who died in 1125. Saxo further says that a daughter of this union married the King of Denmark, and from her the royal line of Denmark for many generations was descended. So it is possible that the mingled blood of Harold and of Vladimir runs in the veins of the children of the Prince of Wales and of Alexandra.

— The Russian advance into the East is not without its romantic aspect. They have approached until they have reached, at this writing, the very threshold of the great Pamir steppe of the Bolor Mountains; and from this Pamir steppe, and the broad valley of the Yarkand River below it, is supposed, with considerable reason, to have proceeded the great Aryan hordes which invaded, and finally absorbed, nearly all Europe. Only here and there—in a corner of the Pyrenees, or a little section of Finland—does there remain a relic of a non-Aryan race. The Aryans came to Europe the rudest of Oriental savages. They brought with them an energy and vim which in time made that continent of civilization; now their descendants are carrying back to the Oriental birth-seat of the race this civilization which they have acquired on a new soil. Already Russia has control of the valley of the Yarkand, through Mohammed Yakub, the usurping sovereign of Kashgar, who is her submissive ally; but England craves this section as the highway to the commerce of China. It is, therefore, not improbable that the Anglo-Celtic and Slavic branches of the Aryan race will, sooner or later, be found engaged in a great conflict on the very ground whence came the common ancestors of modern Europe.

— No doubt the recommendation of the State Commissioners of Public Parks that the Adirondack tract, lying east of the watershed between the St. Lawrence and the Hudson, should be reserved as a public park, will be followed next winter by the necessary legislation to carry out the project. This setting aside of vast regions of wild lands for permanent public pleasure-grounds is one of the best "Yankee notions" of the day. A notion? It is an inspiration! The direct practical good that it will confer upon future generations, and the amount of healthful pleasure it will be the means of conferring, are simply incalculable. The necessity of preserving forests around the head-waters of our rivers in order to maintain a graduated and regular supply of water for our streams, has often been pointed out; a reservation of these districts for public purposes is the only means of attaining this end; and hence the New-York example ought to be followed in all the

States. No doubt it will be done. Already the signs are evident of a general public-park mania. In the far West are the Yosemite and Yellowstone Parks—reservations not prompted by utility, but simply by a laudable desire to preserve intact those strange and beautiful regions. It has been proposed to make Mackinac Island, in the straits between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, a national park. No practical ends are involved in this scheme, but the island is rarely beautiful; is already partly owned by the government; is of no use for agricultural purposes; and hence there can be no reasonable objection to the plan. But Michigan ought to reserve some extensive portion of her wild lands bordering the lakes for a grand State park. Pennsylvania should at once look to the regions about the head-waters of the Juniata and the western branch of the Susquehanna. The head-waters of the eastern branch of this river have their rise in New York, but there are regions about many of its affluents in the northern part of the State that might readily be reserved; and New York may be induced to render herself and her sister State a service by setting apart portions of the forests around the head-waters of the Susquehanna, immortalized by Cooper, as a public pleasure-ground. We need not dread a mania for public parks. It is only by public passion, so to speak, that in America measures of this character can be carried out; there must be a sort of exalting and sweeping wave of sentiment to carry them through; and if, as is sure to be the case, the spirit runs into excess, no harm would be done. It would be easy enough at any time to hand back a reservation to public uses.

— In the various aspects which the City of the Future is to assume, according to the prophecies of many hopeful and some gloomy people, no one seems to have thought of one condition that, if now among the minor matters that affront the eye, threatens in time to transform town avenues into something marvelously strange if not hideous. Day by day a set of human spiders may be seen sending out new long threads of iron wire, pendent from pole to pole, or roof to roof, and gradually forming vast meshes between us and the sky. When the electric telegraph was young, and a few poles and wires only had taken possession of our streets, they were excluded from Broadway because of their disfigurement of that street; somehow they have found now their way into this avenue again, while they occupy nearly every other of the streets leading north and south; and along these lines of occupation they continually multiply. New series of poles go up at brief intervals, and new wires are stretched from the old supports, until at the present rate of increase the whole town will soon be bound up in this net-work of progress, this latest mark of civilization. There are places even now where one looks at the heavens through bars so thickly set that an uncomfortable feeling of imprisonment is excited, and a longing arises for an unbroken sky. But think of the future! In the immense expansion of business and multiplication of interests sure to come, and the conse-

quent vast increase of telegraphic intercourse, these channels of verbal communication will hang above us an entangled mass, dense enough to let the sun through in broken and shattered rays only. Civilization will then have us completely in its meshes. We shall be bound up hopelessly in its arts and its contrivances. Below us, around us, above us, our little pent-up Utica will give no outlook into the expanses of Nature. Perhaps, however, a change may come over the spirit of the telegraph companies. Possibly it will occur to them that our streets might lose these uncouth and unpainted telegraph-poles, these meshes of wire with all their entanglements of kite-tails, and gain a little in neatness. Possibly a public resentment may arise in the matter, or a public spirit exhibit itself in the counsels of our aldermen, which may suggest some other method than the unsightly one now adopted of getting electric wires from place to place. One can imagine a more ornamental feature before his house-door than a telegraph-pole; with the profoundest love of science and progress, one can think of a more charming sky than one fretted with wire-work; and these feelings and tastes may eventually take definite form among our citizens, so that, ere a thousand or so more lines are stretched above us, a party of reform may arise whose watchword shall be, "United for a free sky!"

Correspondence.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

PHILADELPHIA, July 16, 1873.

DEAR SIR: Mr. Cooke, in his interesting article on the Shenandoah Valley (*JOURNAL*, No. 226, July 19th), seems to have fallen into a mistake or two in his account of General Charles Lee. He says, "The resting-place of his body is now forgotten," and that Lee died at the "Conestoga Tavern." Will you allow me to say what old Philadelphians know about the death and burial of Charles Lee?

General Charles Lee died in Philadelphia, on Wednesday night, October 2, 1782, in an upper room of what was known as the "Slate-roof House," built for William Penn, and afterward occupied by Governor Norris, but, in 1782, a boarding-house. The funeral took place on Friday, October 4th, with military honors, attended by a large concourse of gentlemen of distinction. The interment was in Christ church-yard, South Side, and very close to the grave of General Mercer. Here the body of Lee reposed until November 7, 1861, when it, with others, was taken up for the purpose of widening Church Street. The writer of this article was present at the disinterment. Nothing remained of the body of Lee but a few bones, which were quite red, and his military wig, which had changed from a white to a red color, both supposed to have been stained by the mahogany coffin in which they had lain for seventy-nine years. These remains were placed in a box, along with some others, whose owners were perhaps "less inglorious," and reinterred against the south wall of the church, a few feet from Second Street, where they now lie, what there may be of them.

Respectfully,

E. E. H.

Art, Music, and Drama.

Writers on Art.

THE earliest writers on artistic topics were chiefly of the Vasari and Cellini type; lively narrators of not remarkable accuracy of research, or profundity of knowledge, but gathering valuable materials for their successors. Two centuries later German critics entered the field, but from an entirely opposite point. Instead of contenting themselves with anecdotes of artists, lists of their principal works and salient descriptions, they psychologically dissected their motives, and sought by means of internal evidence to account for their outward expression. This metaphysical system of criticism, besides being too abstract to be popular, was as apt to develop the specific mental consciousness of the writers themselves, as to expose that of the works of art in review, but it was a sound principle in theory, and elevated the investigation of art to the highest intellectual position. Since the period of Lessing, Hegel, Goethe, Winckelmann, and their school of criticism, a new one has arisen in Germany, represented by Passavant, Kugler, Grimm, Lübke, and others, who are less abstruse, and mingle the two extremes of external and internal criticism with a more easily comprehended, picturesque, or graphic whole, with chronological exactness of details, while connecting æsthetic history with all the surrounding circumstances which influence its development. In their hands the study of art becomes systematic, exact, and popularly intelligible.

But the work most thoroughly "dry-as-dust," trustworthy as to the documentary history of the Italian schools, the locality and dates of masterpieces, and their chronological sequence, the most completely technical and material in its appreciations and rules of evidence, is that of Crowe and Cavalcaselle—the latter, and chief critic, an Italian. A more wearisome book on an æsthetic subject was never printed, or one more destitute of sympathetic feeling. It dwells with tedious minuteness and repetition of strained phrases on the material aspects, and sleights of hand, and technical variations of paintings, dissecting them in the spirit of an anatomist. Yet, as a book of reference for the ground it covers, it is unequalled in value. Whether or not its dogmatic conclusions as to the genuineness of works be altogether reliable, it may be questioned if the authors do not run the risk of mistakes by trusting so implicitly to external and superficial tests, quite as much as or more than those who base their judgments solely on internal character; for it is easier to imitate or repeat the mere methods and manipulation of a master, than to catch the spirit which vitalizes his work and stamps it exclusively with his own individuality of mind. The surer method is to combine the two, first seeing that the motive and feeling are in harmony with the attribution, and subsequently verifying the mechanical part of the question by the proper artistic tests.

But, with all their drawbacks, Crowe and Cavalcaselle's histories of Flemish and Italian painting are important, painstaking contributions to the literature of art, of a quality of research and judgment far above the languidly-written rehashes of guide-book facts, with no suggestive thought to enliven them, of the outwardly imposing volumes of C. C. Perkins, of Boston, on the sculpture of Italy. However interesting his time-worn conclusions may be

to youthful readers, they afford no fresh ideas or facts to the real student of art. These books are as cold and colorless as the materials of which they treat. Of a different character are Rio's and Lord Lindsay's descriptions of Christian art. The former first frames his theory, and then tries to bend his facts to fit it. One-sided even to bigotry and strange distortion of facts and judgment as an historian and biographer, he is an eloquent expounder and illustrator of his sectarian hobby-horse; agreeable and instructive to read because of the pietistic zeal with which he maintains his ideas, while shutting his eyes to every thing which opposes them. Lord Lindsay writes in a more liberal and impartial spirit, tending, however, to similar conclusions and convictions. Written before he was of age, he now refuses to reprint this book, because it fails to present his more matured opinions. Mrs. Jameson's numerous volumes on the motives of Christian art, interestingly compiled from authentic sources, evince the purity of taste of their author, and an equal pietism, while leaving their readers unbiassedly to form their own inferences.

French critics, as a class, make a fine art by itself of their profession. Truthfulness of statement, thoroughness of research, correctness of conclusions, in short, absolute fidelity to their topic, are of secondary consideration to literary style and display of authorship. The sparkling egotism of their periods, liveliness of thought, piquancy of observation, and artistic flow of sentences when not overstrained, make very agreeable reading, even if it be not wholly sound in substance. They are not as safe guides to knowledge as the Germans. But when their loyalty to their subject-matter is on a par with their literary accomplishments, they excel all others in elucidating and presenting it in the manner most in harmony with its particular æsthetic likeness. Especially is this true of Beulé, in his vivid exhibition of the spirit and forms of Grecian art, in the words of his own refined tongue. He erects anew on the sacred soil of Greece its olden temples, as they stood in the golden sunshine, resplendent in their pure outlines and polychromatic adornment, refills them with Olympian deities and crowds of their joyous worshippers, or gathered around their smoking altars in the open air, with foreground of ultramarine, sea-green forests, and snow-kissed mountain-peaks in the far back; a mingled spectacle of artistic and Nature's best beauty enlivened by the most poetical of religious beliefs, so that the reader feels as if transported bodily back to the time of Pericles, as one of kindred faith and culture.

JAMES JACKSON JARVIS.

That the products of both the painter and the author are now more highly estimated, in a pecuniary sense, than formerly, is abundantly evident. Our own artists, such as Church and Bierstadt, receive far larger prices for their works than the Allstons, and Coles, and Gilberts, and Peales, of the past; while successful authorship has become, within thirty years, synonymous with pecuniary fortune. The picture-sales at Christie's, in London, and at the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, indicate the brisk demand for any thing on canvas that is either good, or that, whether good or not, is indorsed by a celebrated name. A striking illustration of the increased value of rare books was afforded by the recent sale of the Perkins collection, in which a copy of the Gutenberg and Faustus Bible fetched over twenty thousand dollars in gold! Not less suggestive was a sale, which has just taken place in London, of some proofs and plates of the unpublished works of the

brilliant and eccentric painter Turner, who, the son of a Covent Garden hair-dresser, rose to startle artistic England with a style of painting so strangely dazzling, so defiant of all example, so singular in conception, so poetic in imagination, so bold in execution, and so lavish in high coloring, that he at first amazed and shocked, then led æsthetic taste a slave to his every whim. For a while he reigned paramount; and even to-day there is a large party which enthusiastically claims for him the chief laurel of English art. Generally, as we hear Turner and his pictures discussed, our readers may not all be acquainted with the remarkable facts of his life. He was one of the strangest mortals who ever won fame, and used it solely for pecuniary profit. Mr. Gillott's description as "a queer fish" was short of the truth. Born in 1775, he produced, at the exhibition of 1819, his "Hannibal crossing the Alps," which Crabb Robinson, a connoisseur, declares to be "the most marvelous landscape I have ever seen. I can never forget it;" and Flaxman the sculptor was not less stunted in his praise. Turner worked from that time on fitfully and eccentrically, reaping a golden harvest, which was all he cared to reap; for he was one of the most wretched misers who ever lived. He existed in squalor, and, finding himself besieged in London by too exacting patrons and too much company, fled to one of the meanest purlieus of suburban Chelsea, where he assumed the name of Smith, and confined his associations to a poor and ignorant set of people, with whom he became so familiar that they used to call him "Pugy" to his face. He lived in a garret, with almost no furniture, and on the coarsest and cheapest food, at the very moment when his pictures were the wonder and admiration of Europe; and there died, a man most famous, and yet personally almost entirely unknown. Then the intensity of his greed for gold appeared; he was found to have left an enormous fortune, which even the sales of his pictures could not have procured for him; and where or by what means he had accumulated so many thousands remains a mystery to this day. Nor is the limit of his possessions apparently yet reached. His savings went to distant relatives, for Turner was unmarried; and the most valuable of his pictures found their way into the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square. But an examination of his old house on Queen Anne Street, which he so abruptly deserted for his Chelsea retreat, has brought to light a fine collection of unpublished proofs and plates, including impressions of "Caligula's Bridge," "Mercury and Herse," "St. Mark's Place," and other of his masterpieces. This lot has just been sold for ten thousand pounds sterling; almost as much, probably, as Turner received for all his works during his life; yet they are only engraved copies of his productions. When the Marquis of Stafford paid Danby five hundred guineas for his "Passage of the Red Sea," in 1825, it was considered a wonderful sum; and, when Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," now in the *Salon Carré* of the Louvre, was purchased by the French Government in 1853, at the sale of Marshal Soult's collection, for twenty-two thousand pounds—only about twice as much as Turner's proofs have brought—it was looked upon as a fabulous piece of extravagance. Turner, with all his faults and eccentricities, did one worthy thing, by leaving nearly one hundred thousand pounds to endow an asylum for decayed painters in oil; thus showing a charity for those who, like himself, found the road to artistic fame a toilsome one, and, unlike himself, never reached the goal of their ambition.

Everybody thinks he can be a reader, and yet a very great majority of those who attempt public readings are failures. We have been told that Wilkie Collins is coming to America next autumn, with the intention of giving us a series of readings, so it is said, and yet Mr. Collins has just signally failed in London in an exhibition of this character. He had a favorable reception accorded him as an author; "but," says the *Pull Mall Gazette*, "the reading was a failure; but the audience sat it out, listening to words which were not very audible, smiling at jokes which were by no means laughable, and finally applauding a story which no one could quite have understood who had not previously met with it in print. If it were our ungrateful province to give advice to ladies and gentlemen appearing in public with the view of interesting or amusing an audience, we should counsel Mr. Wilkie Collins to adopt the tone and method of a lecturer, which almost any one can acquire, rather than attempt those of an actor, which lie beyond his reach, and which, in the case of a highly-popular writer, are unbecoming unless they can be assumed with perfect success. It would be quite enough for Mr. Collins to read his interesting stories. He will expose himself to the ridicule of the unfeeling if he endeavors to act them."

The revival of "King John" at one of the London theatres has elicited considerable discussion in metropolitan journals. The main interest of the occasion, however, arose from the introduction of a new actress to the English public—Miss Clive, as *Queen Constance*. Her success was but moderate. "For some weeks before the event," says the *Examiner*, "public curiosity was raised by reports of a kind that seemed to promise a second Siddons. In consequence of these reports a performance of singular merit and promise has scarcely met with the recognition it deserves, those critics who spread the reports being the first to turn round and condemn the extravagant laudation of injudicious friends. Miss Clive certainly suffered from the flourish which heralded her approach, and it is probable that, had nothing been said as to her powers previously to their revelation on the stage, a much louder and more concordant chorus of plaudits would have greeted her. The repose and reticence of her action, her thoughtful and refined readings, and her mastery of elocution and gesture, would then have received full recognition, and the tendency to remark the points in which she fell short of the standard set up for her would have been avoided."

Mdlle. Desclée, the French actress in London, of whom we have quoted from the English journals several highly-laudatory criticisms, has appeared as *Claire* in Sardou's "La Maison Neuve." The *Examiner* says: "The part in this piece gives to Mdlle. Desclée greater scope than any other she has undertaken in England, and has certainly proved her greatest success. It would, indeed, have been a matter of deep regret, had she returned to Paris without showing to the full her wonderful power. In the fourth act she does this, acting throughout with the same fidelity to Nature as in the lighter scenes. She evinces, moreover, the remarkable tact and refinement which characterize all she does, in keeping all commonplace melodramatic tone from this scene. The situation is dangerous in this respect, but the attention is not allowed to rest on the merely horrible aspect, being centred entirely upon the mental sufferings of the woman. In this faculty of drawing away the interest from the outwardly disagreeable feat-

ures of an occurrence, and fixing it on the deeper emotions excited thereby, Mdlle. Desclée is admirable, and displays the wonderful subtlety of her art."

Offenbach's "Les Brigands" has been produced in London. Says a critic: "The never-ceasing vivacity and vigor, combined with accuracy and exactitude, exhibited in the cast of 'Les Brigands,' as now given at the St. James's Theatre, render the work especially amusing and attractive. If the music is not throughout the score equal to other operas by the composer, M. Offenbach is often in his happiest vein, more particularly, perhaps, in the concerted pieces, in which the efforts are, at times, so large in their proportion, as to inspire regret that M. Offenbach, who commenced his career as a violoncellist with classic proclivities, abandoned his early predilections for the style in which, it must be admitted, he has become famous. From the worldly point of view, he has proved that he was right—high art, unfortunately, does not pay."

We gave the opinion a few weeks since that Hiram Powers had been and is greatly overrated. The London *Athenæum*, we observe, while praising his busts as showing great feeling for character, pronounces his ideal works deplorable failures. The "Greek Slave," it thinks so bad, that the applause which attended its appearance may be taken to prove the public ignorance of sculpture. This criticism is perhaps too depreciative, but there can be no doubt, we think, that the ideal subjects by Mr. Powers were nothing more than figures well executed in all mechanical details. While the *Athenæum*, however, gives its unfavorable judgment, another English journal declares that "with the manacles of his 'Greek Slave,' Hiram Powers's fame as a sculptor is (to adopt a beautiful line of Byron's) securely 'chained to the chariot of triumphal art.'"

"Mr. Foley's equestrian statue of Outram, destined for India, and just now placed in Waterloo Place, between the club-houses, is a noble addition," says the *Athenæum*, "to our wretched exhibition of public statues. The group is of heroic size, and represents the general bareheaded, sword in hand, suddenly turning round in his saddle, reining up the horse with a rapid movement of the left arm, so that the animal is stopped in haste, and half thrown on his haunches, while the rider looks backward, as if to observe something which has taken place near him. The design is extremely effective and truthful; the figures are full of spirit, spontaneity, and vigorous expression—expression both of the heads and attitudes."

Episcopal utterances in favor of a free use of choral and instrumental music in the church-service are multiplying on all sides, according to the London *Illustrated Review*. "The Bishop of Oxford," it says, "preaching near his old home, in St. Paul's, Honiton, spoke eloquently of music as the only logical means of expressing the joyfulness of the human heart, and congratulated the congregation on the evidence they had given of their sympathy with his views, by erecting the noble organ which was on that day formally opened by Dr. S. S. Wesley, of Gloucester. The doctor gave a recital in the evening, when he played an interesting selection from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, and several of his own compositions."

A London theatrical journal gives some interesting facts concerning European theatres.

There are in Europe at the present time 1,507 theatres, of which Italy, with a population of 26,000,000, supports 348; France, with 36,000,000 inhabitants, has 337; and Spain, with 16,000,000 souls, has 100. On the other hand, the empire of Germany, which now reckons 41,000,000 inhabitants, has only 191 theatres; the empire of Austria, for a population of 36,000,000, has 152; and, finally, Great Britain supports only 160 theatres, and Russia but 44, though the latter's population amounts to 70,000,000. These figures show a remarkable preponderance of the dramatic instinct in the Latin races.

In American cities music and the drama are at a stand-still. No summer season in New York for recent years has seen so few of the theatres open; while, with the exception of Thomas's garden concerts, nothing is doing in music. Great preparations are making, however, and in a few weeks the theatres will be in operation, with new plays, new actors, and a freshening up of scenery and auditoriums. There will be several new theatres. Daly will have an up-town establishment, still retaining his Broadway place; Boucicault will have a new theatre in Broadway near Twenty-first Street; and the new theatre in Fourteenth Street will be opened. The Grand Opera-House will open with opera.

Literary Notes.

THE great multitude of readers who have honored the long, faithful, and judicious labor that gave us the "Dictionary of Authors"—one of the most useful published results of a compiler's untiring industry—had certainly a right to expect from its author something better, as the second product of his experience and judgment, than his recently-completed mixture of scraps, called a "Dictionary of Poetical Quotations." It would hardly have seemed possible, if we had not seen it, that an editor like Dr. Allibone, who must himself be so familiar with what is requisite in such a book of reference as this purports to be, could have made an arrangement so inexact of material so unsatisfactory.

In the first place, it would appear that a very little literary experience is required to teach any one the fallacy of such an arrangement (by subjects) as Dr. Allibone employs. For a mere collection of poems the system may, perhaps, serve well enough—though even in Mr. C. A. Dana's admirable "Household Book of Poetry," which is thus classified, we should often be puzzled as to the class in which a poem belonged, if it were not for the good index which the comparatively small number of subjects permits. But when, in a work purporting to be a "dictionary"—a book of reference—we find the contents arranged according to a much more complicated subdivision of topics; when we find the sections headed "Absence," "Actors," "Adversity," "Fruit," "Funerals," "Futurity," etc., etc.—we fairly despair. What training in the art of discrimination must we need to tell whether we shall find a given quotation under "Adversity," "Affliction," "Suffering," "Trials," or any other of a great number of titles which shade into one another even more closely!

To aid us in finding verses thus skillfully hidden, Dr. Allibone has, it is true, given us a very complete "index of first lines;" but what does it profit us? The spirit of the quotation may not be in the first line at all; the faint suggestion that comes into one's mind, and makes him urge his memory to recall the

whole, is not generally connected with the "first line," but with the leading idea of what he is trying to quote. It is an index of the catch-words for these leading ideas that we want—such an index as Mr. Bartlett has shown to be possible in his excellent "Familiar Quotations," a book which Dr. Allibone's much more voluminous work does not approach in usefulness.

Again, it is not always merely the authorship of a quotation that we wish to ascertain. We want to place it in its proper position, among its proper surroundings and connection, to know from what part of a play or poem it comes. But Dr. Allibone, although he shows this in many instances, seems to leave us quite helpless in the matter in the most important cases of all. After all his Shakespearian quotations, for example, there is written simply "Shakespeare"—almost as satisfactory, as far as placing the passage is concerned, as if he had said "a leading poet."

Our space does not permit us to give still further impressions we have retained from the examination of the book, but we have said enough to show that we are heartily disappointed in a second product of Dr. Allibone's labor, which proves itself so inferior to the first.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., of London, have recently published Mr. William Longman's "History of St. Paul's Cathedral," a work which, in the thoroughness of its learning, its pleasant style, and the value of its information, seems to us one of the best embodiments possible of the results of an evidently enthusiastic study of the subject. The full title of the book is, "A History of the Three Cathedrals dedicated to St. Paul, in London," etc.; so that the present St. Paul's is not the only structure which Mr. Longman has made his topic. The history of the two buildings that long ago successively occupied the site where it stands, and finally made way for it, is given with a fullness which shows Mr. Longman's patient and careful investigation. The admirable illustrations collected for the volume add greatly to its value, and are themselves the means of conveying information of the greatest worth. Among them are copies of Sir Christopher Wren's original drawings; and, hardly less valuable to us now, some excellent restorations of old St. Paul's, designed by Mr. Edmund B. Ferrey. The book is in every respect one of the most valuable monographs we have ever seen; and it possesses the happy characteristic, not common to special studies, of being most interesting, clear, and well arranged from beginning to end.

An excellent, fresh, original book is Harriet W. Preston's "Love in the Nineteenth Century," and this in spite of its somewhat ill-chosen title. The story is as bright and witty as it should be, bearing its author's name; and it deals with a subject that has never been treated before, save in satire, or appreciated, save by exceptional people in real life. Here is the story of a kind of love—let us christen it the æsthetic-intellectual—that is peculiar, not only to the century, but the people among whom this book had its being. The admirable sketches in the little story could only have been drawn in New England. They are Bostonian through and through; and they are drafts upon that infinite fund of character-study that Mr. Howells found ready for him before his very eyes.

"A Slip in the Fens," an anonymous novel, forming a recent volume of the "Leisure Hour

Series," is a somewhat dreary book; nor are we inclined to agree with the English reviews, which prophesy for its author a remarkable career as a writer of fiction. The plot of the story, though somewhat threadbare from frequent use, might answer our expectations well enough, but the hand by which the characters are sketched seems hopelessly stiff and awkward. We hardly know when we have read of more cheerlessly unnatural people than those who, with quiet dialogue and languid action, fill up this history. That portion of the novel which is best written—the description of the Fen Country—is, if a new, at best a disagreeable way of showing descriptive talent. The whole seems to us like its scenery—stiffened and lamed people, moving awkwardly and drearily over an expanse of marsh-land, from which saddening influences, malarious or otherwise, constantly reach us.

One of the most thoroughly Russian of all Turgénieff's novels, "Dimitri Roudine," has just appeared as a volume of the "Leisure Hour Series," but it is not new to American readers, for it is a reprint from the columns of *Every Saturday*, in which it first appeared. We have greatly wondered at the extraordinary typography employed: small type and wide spacing between the lines contribute to give the book a far different appearance from that familiar in the neat volumes of this series.

Scientific Notes.

THE Earl of Rosse, as the result of an extended course of experiment, conducted with a view to determine whether there was any perceptible heat radiated or reflected from the moon, advances the opinion that not only does the moon reflect heat to the earth, but that this globe receives from its satellite by radiation a certain amount of the heat by which it (the moon) was warmed. He estimates the heat thus reflected and radiated as the eighty-thousandth that obtained from the sun. As illustrating the extreme delicacy of the apparatus used in these experiments, the following facts, established by the Earl of Rosse, will be of interest: If the full moon were exactly as hot as boiling water (two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit), we would receive from her just as much heat, leaving the effect of our atmosphere out of account, as we would receive from a small globe as hot as boiling water, and at such a distance as to appear no larger than the moon. Again, if a bronze disk, one inch in diameter and the thickness of an old-style cent, were heated to two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit, and then placed at a distance of nine feet three inches from the observer, the heat it would give forth would equal that obtained from the full moon. In view of these facts, it is not surprising that for so long a time the opinion was entertained that the moon gave forth no heat at all. The instrument by which these extremely delicate heat-measurements are obtained is known as the thermo-electric pile, or thermo-multiplier. This instrument depends for its efficiency upon the principle, discovered by Seebeck, of Berlin, in 1821, that, "if two metals of unlike crystalline texture and conducting power are united by solder, and the point of juncture is either heated or cooled, an electrical current is excited, which, in general, flows from the point of juncture to that metal which is the poorer conductor." The thermo-pile used by the Earl of Rosse was of the form originally devised by Melloni, in 1822, and consists of a series of

small bars of antimony and bismuth, soldered together at alternate ends. The opposite ends are connected by wires with a galvanometer, the needle of which is suspended over a graduated circle; and, when the temperature of the face of the pile is changed never so slightly, the effect is instantly noticed, and may be accurately measured by the deflection of the needle. The thermo-electric piles used by the Earl of Rosse were constructed by himself, and are of extreme delicacy. The image of the moon was received upon a mirror of specular metal, three and one-half inches in diameter, and having a focal length of three inches. By this means the three-inch image from the mirror was reduced, so that it might all fall upon the surface of the pile, and with what results has been already noticed. Among the other valuable facts established by these experiments was that proving that the law of absorption of lunar heat agreed very nearly with that found for the absorption of the light of the stars, as determined by Professor Seidel. From observations made during a partial eclipse, it was also determined that the heat and light from the moon diminish proportionately.

An English explorer is said to have discovered, in Egypt, the ancient mines from which the famous turquoise that adorned the thrones of the Pharaohs were obtained. On examining the pebble-bed of certain dried-up water-courses, he discovered numerous blue stones, which, when polished, proved to be real turquoise, and some of them of the finest quality. By the assistance of the natives, the actual location of the ancient turquoise-mines was determined, and the ruins of the fortifications by which they were surrounded, together with the rude grinding and polishing tools, were discovered. This reference to the turquoise suggests a controversy which has long been carried on between chemists and mineralogists, as to the true chemical character of the green coloring-matter of the emerald. It was long supposed that this color was due to the presence, in minute quantity, of the oxide of chromium. Recently, however, Professor Loewy, of Paris, advanced the theory that the color was due to some organic compound, founding his argument mainly on the fact that, when these stones were submitted to a high temperature, the color disappeared. The severity with which this opinion was contested by many eminent chemists induced its author to extend his researches; and so determined was he that he even visited the table-lands of New Granada, and observed carefully, not only the stones themselves, but the character of the soil and strata from which they were obtained. As the result of these observations, coupled with subsequent analysis, Professor Loewy again advances and supports his original theory, that the color of the emerald is purely organic, none of the Granada emeralds being able to retain their color after being submitted to a red heat. These results, obtained by such a persistent and determined course of research, are of greater significance than might at first appear, since they present an example of honest effort which commends itself to all students of science, and particularly to that army of theorists who, with but the meagre facts obtained from others' work, do not hesitate to advance and defend the most astounding views and theories.

The philosopher Bacon, discoursing on the qualities and nature of instinct, defiantly asks of the doubter, "Who taught the parrot his 'welcome!' who taught the raven in a drought to

throw pebbles into a hollow tree where she espied water, that it might rise so she might come to it? . . . Who taught the ant to bite every grain of corn that she burieth in the hill, lest it should take root and grow?" With the question of authorship we have nothing to do, but it is with satisfaction that we have lately read that which gives additional proof of one of the facts here alluded to. Mr. Moggridge, in pursuing his investigations into the habits of insects, gives an interesting account of a species of ants which he had observed carrying into their nests, during the winter months, certain late-fruited plants. Outside the channels there was generally a heap of the husks of the various seeds, and sometimes one of those heaps would fill a quart-measure. These husks had had their farinaceous contents extracted through a hole on one side. Having purposely strewn near these nests quantities of millet and hemp seeds, they were rapidly removed to the burrows and deposited in the spherical chambers which served as storehouses. After a lapse of a fortnight, however, he discovered that many of these seeds had been brought out again, they having evidently commenced to germinate, and he then noticed that this return was made in order that the radicle might be gnawed off from each seed; this being effected, they were carried back again.

The Oxyhydrogen Gas Company of Buffalo, New York, are enabled to obtain oxygen in large quantities by the following process: Into iron retorts—seven feet long, one foot wide, and two deep—pulverized manganate of soda is introduced, and there submitted to the action of superheated steam, the steam-currents being so directed as to permeate the mass. The effect of this contact of the steam with the manganate of soda is to deprive the latter of a portion of its oxygen. A subsequent condensation of the steam leaves the oxygen in a state to be purified and stored. In order to restore to the deoxidized salt its proper equivalents of oxygen, a current of air is substituted for that of the steam. Thus, by alternating air with steam at regular intervals of ten minutes' duration, the soda is again oxidized, and is thus ready with a fresh supply of the desired gas, which is again parted with when the steam is introduced.

The *American Naturalist* has received from a Western correspondent certain interesting facts regarding our latest pest, the Colorado potato-beetle. It appears that this voracious insect, though showing a decided preference for the potato, is not limited in its food to the family *Solanaceae*. Even in the vicinity of potato-fields, where it had committed terrible depredations, it was found devouring the leaves and flower-buds of the common thistle, which it rapidly stripped even to its thick stem, which was almost severed. In addition to the tomato and common night-shade, its legitimate food, it seemed to relish pigweed, hedge-mustard, oats, smart-weed, and the cultivated currant; and, in an extremity, even attacked meadow-grass, on which it had also deposited its eggs.

Among the objects of special interest exhibited in the pavilion of agriculture at Vienna is an iron caldron containing fifteen thousand pounds of metallic mercury—quicksilver. Floating upon the surface of this metallic sea is a fifty-pound iron cannon-ball, which rests as lightly as a cork upon water. This mass of metal is the product of the celebrated Idria mines, and probably represents the greatest body of quicksilver ever contained in a single recep-

tle. It was transported from the mines, not in iron flasks, as was the former method, but in bags of white sheep-leather, which material has been found sufficiently dense to retain it. These bags have a capacity of fifty pounds each, and, after being sealed, are inclosed in closely-fitting wooden kegs.

Whatever may be the practical results to be obtained by the forthcoming transatlantic balloon-voyage, there can be little doubt but that the cause of science will be favored by the anticipated observations. Now that Carpenter, Thomson, and Pourtales, have succeeded in establishing the temperature of the deep sea, and locating the various submarine currents and strata, it remains for Professor Wise and his bold companions to improve the opportunity which will be afforded them to determine and accurately record the aerial currents, with their direction and temperature. Should these results be safely secured, the world of science, at least, will stand ready to accord to Professors Wise and Donaldson, and the proprietors of the *Graphic*, full measure of praise for their boldness and enterprise.

A new human skeleton has been discovered by M. E. Rivière in one of the Menton caves. It was found in the sixth cave of Bousouze, and at a depth of about twelve feet below the floor of the cave. Near the skeleton were found numerous flint instruments, and a few worked in bone, together with shells, evidently designed for a necklace. Among the animal bones forming the *débris* of the cave, were those of the bear, hyena, wolf, dog, and mouse, together with the bones and claws of a large eagle, and other smaller birds. To these were added various marine shells. The skeleton was over six feet in length, but the bones were so friable that they could not be removed in as perfect a condition as those of the first skeleton, known as "the man of Menton."

Dr. Madox, an English physician and microscopist, claims to have discovered in the flesh of home-grown beef and mutton an ugly little parasite, to which, owing to certain peculiarities of its growth, he has given the name *Cysticercus ovisparens*. As this new entozoon is said to be as dangerous as the much-dreaded *Trichina spiralis*, it becomes a question whether the world will not become vegetarians without the aid of Graham and his disciples. Indeed, it has already become a question of wonder how our meat-eating ancestors ever lived at all! To those whose tastes are beyond reform, and who will eat meat "whether or no," we offer the suggestion that there is a sure safeguard in the thorough cooking of their steaks, chops, and roasts.

Reports from Fort McPherson, Nebraska, bearing the date of July 14th, announce the safe arrival at that point of the Yale College exploring expedition. This company, under command of Professor Marsh, have spent the last month in exploring the region about the Niobrara River, and have added to their collections the fossil remains of a number of extinct animals. The party were in good health, and were about to start for Fort Bridger, Wyoming Territory, intending to explore the Uintah Mountain country.

An ingenious, simple, and apparently effective method for protecting wooden wharf-piles from the inroads of the *teredo*, has lately been tested in San Francisco, California. The wooden piles, when placed in position, are encased in a light wooden cylinder or box, the space between being filled in with cement of

loose gravel. By this means the ravages of the worm are confined to the outer casing, the inclosed layer of gravel proving an effective guard to the pile within.

An exploring and scientific expedition has been organized by the government of Adelaide, South Australia. It will traverse the (as yet) unexplored region between Central Mount Stuart and the western coast. The party will be under the command of Major Warburton, with Mr. Berry as botanical collector.

Sayings and Doings at Home and Abroad.

A WRITER in the current *Chamber's Journal* marshals some curious facts concerning the estimate put upon the bath by various nations and in different ages. He points out that, among the Bulgarian Christians, it is held a sin to wash a child before he comes to the age of reason, and that on the Friday before her marriage, the bride, "for the first and last time in her life," takes a complete bath; and concludes that "all desire to be clean must be reckoned by men and women now living, as by the ancient hermits in the 'Thebaid,' a lust of the flesh. According to the universal experience of mothers and nurses in the Western nations, expressed in so many nursery-rhymes, and tales, and pictures, the very reverse is true. They tell us, and perhaps our own young recollections sanction their assertion, that a desire to remain dirty, a hatred of the bother and the pain of being cleansed, is an instinct of the natural man which reappears in each of the species from the day he feels the smart of soap-and-water or the rough pressure of a towel. 'The little birds never cry!' said the perplexed nurse to her screaming charge. 'Because they are never washed,' the natural foe of soap incontinently and wittily replied."

Mr. Joaquin Miller must have had some queer experiences in his short life, if his own record of them is to be believed. We have already seen him "with Walker in Nicaragua;" he is said to be writing an autobiography, in which he tells of his residence and adventures with the Modocs, and here is the substance of a "true story" of frontier life, which he relates to the readers of the last *Independent*. The scene of the story is laid in Shasta County, California, a few years ago, and the *dramatis personae* are a little company of miners, of whom six were suddenly prostrated with the scurvy. They were very likely to die, for the camp was a lonely one, far away from all such food, medicine, and conveniences, as the sick require. One of the miners, however, had heard of a remedy which he had proved while he was a sailor, and which was not beyond reach, and to make trial of this was at once resolved upon. Six deep pits were speedily dug in the warm soil in the shadow of a huge pine; in these the patients, stripped to the skin, were placed, and then the fresh earth was carefully shoveled back, so that each man was securely buried up to his chin. In this position they were to stay all night. Now, the sleep of the miner, when his day's toil is over, "is not so much a sleep as a stupor," and, soon after the last of the buried men had dozed off, their friends also sought their beds and fell into a slumber, from which none woke till dawn. At that hour they went to visit their buried comrades, and, to their horror, found that the wolves had come down during the night and eaten off every one of the heads level with the ground!!

Various items of gossip in the English papers, respecting the sayings and doings of the shah, indicate that he is not quite so black as he has been painted. When addressed in Berlin regarding his visit to England, he exclaimed, "*Nuages, nuages*" (clouds, clouds); and when reminded of this expression after his visit to Windsor, he observed that "he now found how true it is that paradise is hidden by clouds." The subject was again recurled to on the occasion of his visit to Woolwich Arsenal, when his majesty declared that a smoky

veil also obscured another place. Another story is, that when he visited Queen Victoria, at Windsor, he saluted her majesty with the most perfect delicacy and grace, and said that hitherto "he had reckoned his years from the day of his birth, but that in the future he should date them from his meeting with the Queen of England." Since he left his native country the shah has instituted a new order, called the "Order of the Sun," for ladies only. The recipients of this order up to the present are the Queen of England, the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Germany, the Princess Imperial of Germany, and the czarevna.

The Paris correspondent of the *Pull Mail Gazette* gives an interesting sketch of the French "tribune," which he calls a "mischievous pulpit of clap-trap oratory." He says, among other things, that "a habit has arisen among several deputies of dealing with the tribune in a business-like spirit, and vitiating it before they begin operations. For a while only the most long-winded speakers of the illustrious sort ventured on this course, and assuredly when M. Thiers sipped claret, M. Pouyer-Quertier burgundy, M. Rouher sherry-and-water, and M. Gambetta beef-tea, during the pauses of their harangues, no one could have a word to say against such refreshment. But it is a different matter to see a dreary ranter and a long-necked bottle mount the tribune in company, and to feel that, before that ranter can be got rid of, the long-necked bottle must be emptied to the dregs. Berryer used to drink champagne while speaking, and a republican once cried sarcastically to him when he seemed puzzling for a word, 'Drink, that will give you wit.' Berryer drank, and exclaimed, 'I would to Heaven your party had only to drink to get wit, you would be an amusing lot by this time.'"

One of the leading London papers, speaking of the action of the French Assembly the other day, on "civil interments," says it shows that "the Church in France is distinctly beginning to persecute. It is saying in various ways, what persecuting bodies always do say to those whom they attack: 'You, our antagonists, are the enemies of the human race. We see in you not merely mistaken persons, but criminals who are engaged in breaking up all the bonds which connect society together, and we will treat you as such. We will begin by insulting and worrying you. In time we shall pass on to something more effectual and direct. From saying that an infidel's dead body is an unclean nuisance to be hurried out of the way, as in coarser ages a Protestant's body was thrown into a sewer, it is a short step to discovering that an infidel's living body is even more impure, and that an infidel's spoken or written words are most impure of all.'"

M. de Beauvoir, a French traveler to whom we owe the best and most picturesque description of Peking yet given to the Western world, says that city is but "an epitome of decay." "Thebes, Memphis, Carthage, Rome, are ruins which tell of violent vicissitude; Peking is a skeleton dropping into dust. The ravine-like streets are knee-deep in every sort of rubbish; the moats, the canals, and the rivers, are all and always dry; the parks, the once marvelous ponds, are turned to desert places. Triumphant arches stand side by side with wretched, tumbled-down booths, surmounted by a forest of little poles, whence paper 'signs' dangle in the air, and uniformity is lent to all by the thick layer of evil-smelling dust which lies upon them, the same dust that is always whirling around, hurting the eyes and offending the nostrils." This great city, in which nothing is repaired, and where it is penal to pull down any thing, is slowly dropping to pieces; and it is the opinion of M. de Beauvoir that before a century has passed it will have been abandoned and ceased to exist.

In the Garden of Acclimatization, Paris, there are some pheasants whose sole food, consisting of ants' eggs, is supplied by an old woman who for the last fifty years has supported herself entirely by gathering them. She collects them in the woods around Paris, and receives about twelve francs for the quantity brought back from each of her foraging expeditions. These generally last three or four days, during which she sleeps on the field of action in order

to watch the insects at dawn, and find her way to their treasures. She is almost devoured by the ants, an inconvenience of which she takes little notice, but at the end of her harvest-time, which lasts from June to the end of September, her whole body is in a pitiable condition. There is no competition in this line of industry, and when she dies it will be difficult to supply her place.

"Henri Rochefort," writes a Paris correspondent of an English journal, "has not yet taken his departure, as a prisoner of state, for New Caledonia. Six times his name has been entered on the list for embarkation, and upon each occasion, at the last moment, it has been found that some mysterious hand has scored the entry out with red ink—the sign of those who are (in sporting phrase) 'scratched' as by a pitying after-thought. One who has recently visited in prison this malignant foe of the Second Empire, describes him as busily engaged in writing the history (how truthfully anybody may conjecture!) of the *régime* of Napoleon III. The stormy petrel of revolt, as I am inclined to call this evil precursor of the Commune, is in no particular changed in the sinister effect of his forbidding physiognomy by his two years' incarceration. He is grayer; that is all—his 'goatee' as the Yankees have it, one hardly likes to say his 'imperial,' being almost whitened."

The *Levant Times* mentions that the drouth in Asia Minor, in the neighborhood of Angora, has been excessive, and in the small town of Geredeli the enlightened inhabitants for some time past have daily offered up prayers for rain. No change taking place in the weather, it was decided that some "charms" must be tried, and they at last bethought themselves of an infallible one. It was simple, but one which, for fear of the consequences in these degenerate days, could not be performed in the "good old style." It consisted in cutting off the head of a Christian and throwing it into a stream or pond. As a live Christian did not patriotically present himself, it was determined to exhumate a dead one, and, to make sure, the magic rite was performed with the heads of three bodies, one of whom had been dead only a month. Up to the latest advices the charm had not worked, and the country remained parched.

It is well known to all travelers in the East that apricots are grown in immense quantities, and are a very important article of food, being used not only in their fresh state, but after being dried either in a whole form and containing the stone, or rolled into the form of a thin cake. Touching this, the English consul at Damascus writes: "The Damascenes are imbued with great faith in the force of the hereditary power in all that concerns their vegetable and animal products, and they therefore watch and superintend with the greatest care matters connected with reproduction, which in other Mohammedan countries are left to chance. From this cause the fruits and vegetables of Damascus are remarkably fine, and the gardens are stocked with numerous superior varieties. The apricots, the principal sustenance of the inhabitants during two months of the year, are sought for in a dried state all over the East, and, since my arrival here, I have been endeavoring to induce the natives to prepare them for the European market in the manner employed in Portugal."

Ivan Turgénieff, in his new novel, "Dimitri Roudine," has not a few good sayings, of which we clip the following: "Have you ever noticed, dear reader, that people who are very absent-minded in the company of their inferiors, suddenly lose that manner when they enter the society of their superiors? What can be the reason of this? . . . 'It is true a woman did offend me,' continued Pigasoff, 'and yet she was a good, a very good woman.' 'Who was it?' 'My mother,' answered Pigasoff, in a lower tone. 'Your mother! How could she have offended you?' 'By bringing me into the world.' . . . He was very good-natured, as those are apt to be who feel themselves superior to the company they are in."

The sensitive have a particularly hard time of it in Rock Island, Illinois, where the water-works maintain a most execrating steam-

whistle, and where a street musician plays simultaneously upon a hand-organ and brass horn. Cases of lunacy, under these circumstances, are becoming fearfully common in Rock Island. Other folk are exhibiting a remarkable sensitiveness to noises. The Davenport *Democrat* complains of three hand-organs under its window, each grinding tunes calculated to wake the dead. The *Moline Register* threatens to murder an auction bell-boy who also shrieks "Auction!" fearfully. A correspondent of the same paper complains of a bowling-alley. Here in New York we might fill a volume with a catalogue of complaints.

A rabbit mania is raging in Japan at the present time, similar to the famous "tulip mania" which swept over Holland in the early years of the century. Certain breeds fetch enormous prices, and the interest manifested for the little animals has provoked the high-handed interference of the authorities, and some Japanese speculators have been arrested and imprisoned for having purchased rabbits at an auction, it being considered that this was a species of gambling. A journal, whose columns are devoted entirely to the rabbit subject, has been started in Yokohama.

It seems that the Russians in Toorkistan, since their successes in Central Asia, have, to their credit, persistently enfranchised the wretched Persians existing in slavery there, and restored them to their homes, and also, with a liberality that would shock our rigid economists, the Russian Government has always borne the cost of their journey. Some hundreds of these poor creatures, principally victims of the Persian *haseo* of 1860, when twenty thousand soldiers were made slaves by the Toorkomans, were lately despatched to Astrakhan by the Russian Government of Samarcand.

Herbert Spencer does not agree with Mr. Mill that the "religion of humanity" is likely to be the religion of the future. He holds, on the contrary, that "however dominant may become the moral sentiment enlisted on behalf of humanity, it can never exclude the sentiment alone properly called religious, awakened by that which is behind humanity and behind all other things."

It is reported that M. Thiers is now busy studying geology for the purpose of writing an essay on the destiny of mankind, of which he takes an anti-Darwinian view. M. Daubrée is his teacher in geology. He was taught in astronomy ten years ago by M. Leverrier, and in natural philosophy by M. Mascart, lecturer at the College of France.

Mr. Ruskin declares that he believes "solemnly and without jest that the English aristocracy's idea of their caste is that its life should be, distinctively from inferior human lives, spent in shooting. . . . Have English gentlemen," he asks, "as a class, any other real object in their whole existence than killing birds?"

The shah is taking with him back to Persia, among all the wonderful tokens of Western civilization he has been collecting during his stay, no more remarkable evidences of it than a collection of the journals of the day describing his reception here in England, the illustrated newspapers especially being objects of wondering delight to his suite and attendants.

The "audience question" in China is at last settled, and in the way which was inevitable from the beginning. In the *Peking Gazette* of June 14th, there is an imperial edict which announces that all duly-accredited foreign ministers will be allowed to have audience with the emperor.

It is said that the American committee for doing honor to the memory of John Stuart Mill favor the idea of publishing a memorial edition of his works, which would be highly useful and appropriate, his works being, after all his true monument.

An Arab chief, upon being asked what he most admired during his stay in Paris, is reported to have answered, "The stars that you put inside the lamps every evening." Paris, by-the-way, is the best-lighted city in the world.

A Washington physician of large experience announces, as the result of his observations, that bald-headed men die young. And yet the oldest people we ever saw were bald-headed!

A Cincinnati editor, who has put a heavy insurance on his life, is said to be followed whenever he goes a-fishing by several insurance agents, affectionately bearing life-preservers and sun-umbrellas.

It is related of Kean, that he suited the kind of meat he ate to the part he was about to play, and selected mutton for lovers, beef for murderers, and pork for tyrants.

Professor Max Müller has declined the offer of a professorship at the new German university of Strasbourg, and will remain in England.

Punch says a young man's friends object to his being loose, but, somehow, they have an equal objection to his being tight.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

JULY 11.—Death, at San Francisco, Cal., of General Thomas N. Carneau.
Riot at Malaga, Spain, during a bull-fight. Several councillors assassinated, and other atrocities committed.

JULY 12.—Slight shocks of earthquakes at Rome, Frosinone, Alatri, and Paola, Italy.
Fifteen persons injured by an accident on the St. Louis & Southern Railway.
Coroner's jury find Lizzie L. King, *alias* Kate Stoddard, guilty of killing Charles Goodrich in Brooklyn, L. I.

JULY 13.—General Velarde enters Alcoy, Spain, with a strong republican force. The International leaders of the revolt escape before his arrival, the militia of Alicante having subdued the rioters.

Report that thirty thousand Ashantees were menacing the British settlement at Cape Coast Castle, Africa, June 23d.

JULY 14.—Death, at New York, of José Maria Mayorga; and, at Albany, N. Y., of General Amos Pillsbury, Superintendent of the Albany Penitentiary; intelligence of the death, at Scheveningen, Holland, of H. E. Kroesen, ex-Commander of the Dutch East India Army; at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, of Senator Gabriel dos Santos; at Lahore, India, of Mahomed Ismael, a state prisoner, and nephew of the Emir of Cabul.

Dispatch that the Khan of Khiva had formally declared himself a vassal of Russia, and been restored to his throne by General Kaufmann; and that, on the 24th ultimo, the khan had issued a decree abolishing slavery.

Internationals at Carthage, headed by Contreras, rise against the authorities, and hold the entire town except the arsenal. Intelligence that five thousand peasants at Al-pena had joined the Carlists, and that rioters in Villadardo, Spain, had burned a paper-factory.

JULY 15.—Berga surrenders to the Carlists. Carlists besiege Poyceda. The employés in the cotton and woolen factories in Barcelona strike. Dispatch that the Spanish Government had annulled all edicts sequestrating the property of rebels in Cuba.

Cholera reported abating in Germany.
Intelligence of the wreck of the steamer Drummond Castle, from Shanghai, May 31st, on the Chusan Group.

JULY 16.—Maisonave, Carvajal, and Berges, of the Spanish ministry, resign. Intelligence that the crew of the Spanish man-of-war *Almanza* had deserted to the Carlists.

The French Government interdicts public rejoicings over the German evacuation in the occupied departments.

Don Carlos enters Spain, near Pena Plata, to assume command of the Carlists.

JULY 17.—Death, at Providence, R. I., of Samuel B. Cushing, an eminent civil engineer. Captain Phillips, of the wrecked steamer

City of Washington, suspended for one year by the court of inquiry at Halifax, N. S.

Carlists reported to have butchered forty prisoners at Ciranqui, Spain.

Don Carlos reenters Spain, and is received with great enthusiasm by his adherents.

College regatta at Springfield, Mass.; Yale victorious.

JULY 18.—Dispatches that Contreras had levied a forced loan of eighty thousand dollars on citizens of Carthage; that the International Society of Barcelona had been dissolved; that Don Carlos had declared the Curé of Santa Cruz a rebel, and that Colonel Aizpurna had taken command of the curé's forces. Carlists reported marching on Logroño, and four thousand Carlists under Lizaraga operating in Guipuzcoa. Intelligence of the capture of the towns of Estella and Puente la Reina by the Carlists.

Report of the discovery of a great gold-mine in the valley of Famatina, in Rioja, in the Argentine Republic.

JULY 20.—Intelligence that the Curé of Santa Cruz, having escaped into France, is demanded by the Spanish Government as a common criminal; the French Government refuse the demand.

Notices.

TO INVESTORS.—To those who wish to reinvest Coupons or Dividends, and those who wish to increase their income from means already invested in other less profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, as well secured and unusually productive.—JAY COOKE & Co.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.—Send 10 cents for General Catalogue of Works on Architecture, Astronomy, Chemistry, Engineering, Mechanics, Geology, Mathematics, etc. D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 23 Murray St., N. Y.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF Lasell Female Seminary appears to-day. This fine institution is yearly growing in favor, and offers unusual advantages.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—MRS. ROBERT CHALMERS, Detroit, Mich., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine constantly since 1867, doing her family sewing for nine persons, and general dressmaking, without any repairs or breaking a needle. See the new Improvements and Wood's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

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